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R O B I N

OR THE

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*In which are included several Songs never
before published in any other Collection*

T O G E T H E R

With an **ALPHABETICAL INDEX** to the **WHOLE**

to which is prefixed an Address

T O T H E

LADIES OF GREAT BRITAIN

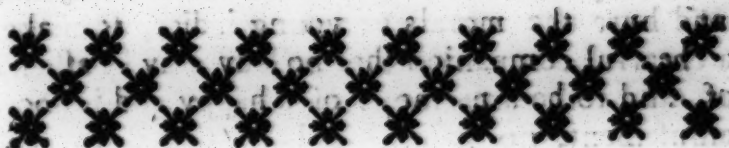
L O N D O N

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(I)



T O

THE LADIES OF
G R E A T B R I T A I N.

ALTHOUGH there are several song books, some of which are *rather* more adapted for your amusement than others, yet, no editor of a song book has so far devoted his time to your service, as to furnish this most pleasing recreation for your leisure hours. *Novels, Magazines,* and other periodical publications have been address'd and dedicated to you, but this has lain unnoticed, though it has been long wanted. The immodesty and immorality with which most song books abound, make it the greatest affront to offer them to the most delicate of the sex. There are few, but what contain indecencies improper to put into the hands of ladies, and many too glaring to be even countenanced by the men. In this situation are most song books which are now extant; to supply this defect, the editor has undertaken to publish this for your leisure and amusement, and

to extirpate those songs which inflame the mind and hurt the morals of young ladies, to make it a chearful companion that no lady may be ashamed of, and to be a promoter of a happy and innocent amusement, no pains has been spared to make this as compleat a song book as any extant, in which every favourite song to the present time has been carefully collected.

I am with the highest esteem,

Your most devoted and obedient servant,

The EDITOR.



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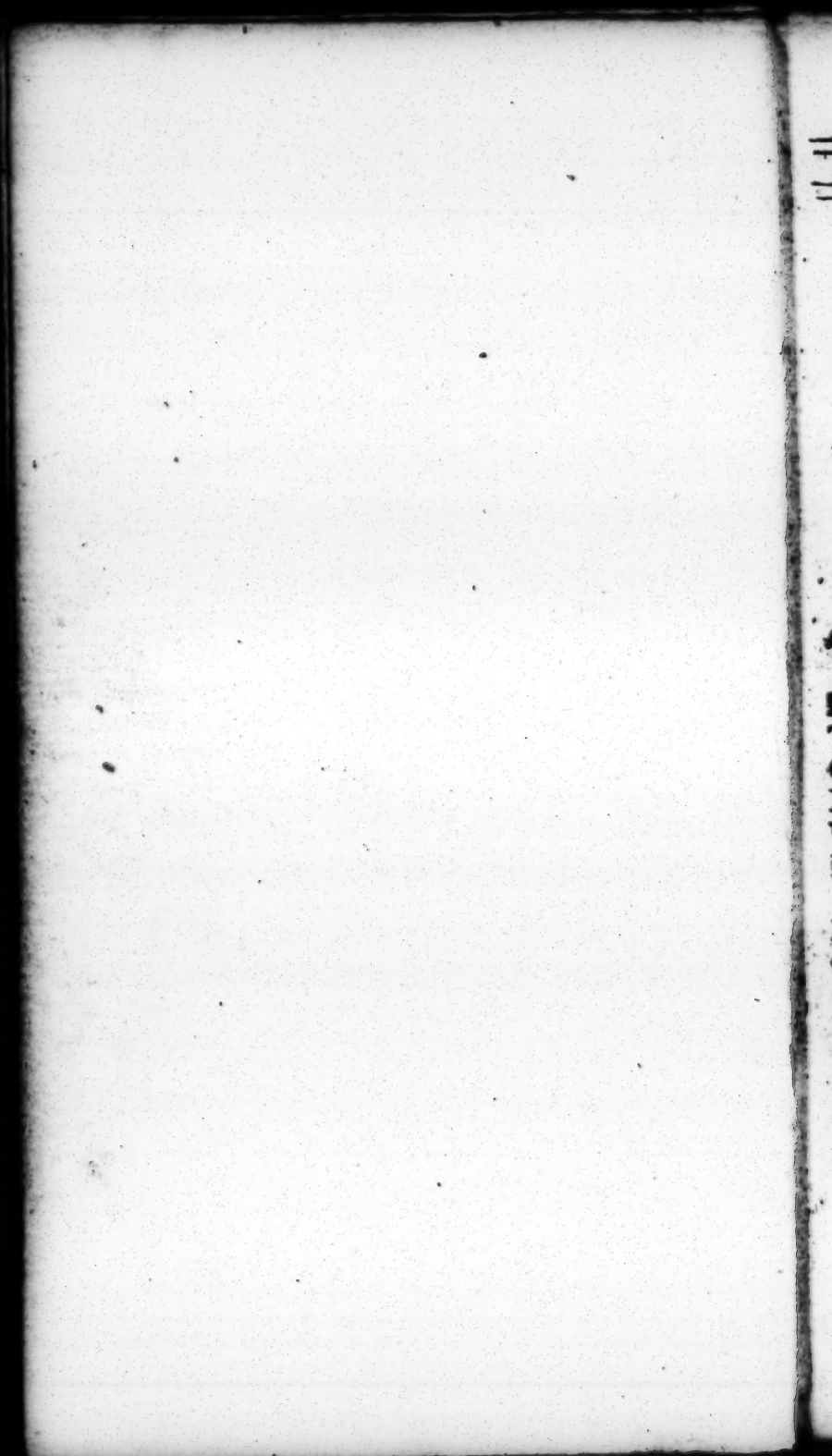
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THE
R O B I N.

SONG I.

ON FRIENDSHIP. *Set by Mr. Gerard.*

THE World, my dear *Myra*, is full of Deceit,
And Friendship's a Jewel we seldom can meet;
How strange does it seem, that in searching around,
This Source of Content is so rare to be found?
O, Friendship! thou Balm, and rich Sweetner of Life;
Kind Parent of Ease and Composer of Strife;
Without thee, alas! what are Riches and Pow'r,
But empty Delusion, the Joys of an Hour!

How much to be priz'd and esteem'd is a Friend,
On whom we may always with Safety depend?
Our Joys, when extended, will always increase,
And griefs, when divided, are hush'd into peace:
When fortune is smiling, what crowds will appear,
Their kindness to offer, and friendship sincere;
Yet change but the prospect, and point out distress,
No longer to court you they eagerly press.

S O N G II.

Sung by Miss Jameſon, in Vauxhall Gardens.

TO fly, like bird, from grove to grove,
 To wander like the bee;
 To ſip of ſweets, and taſte of love,
 Is not enough for me:
 No fluttering paſſions wake my breaſt;
 I wiſh the place to find,
 Where fate may give me peace and reſt,
 One ſhepherd to my mind.

To ev'ry youth I'll not be gay;
 Nor try on all my pow'r;
 Nor future pleaſures throw away,
 In toyings for an hour:
 I would not reign the general toaſt,
 Be prais'd by all the town;
 A thouſand tongues on me are loſt,
 I'll hear but only one.

For which of all the flatt'ring train,
 Who ſwarm at beauty's ſhrine,
 When youth's gay charms are in the wane,
 Will court their ſure-decline?
 Then ſops and wits, and beaux forbear,
 Your arts will never do;
 For ſome fond youth ſhall be my care,
 Life's chequer'd ſeaſon through.

My little heart ſhall love a home,
 A warm and ſhelter'd neſt;
 No giddy flights ſhall make me roam
 From whence I am moſt bleſt:

With

[3]

With love and only that dear swain,
 What tranquil joys I see!
 Farewell, ye false, inconstant train!
 For one is all to me.

S O N G I I I.

A C A N T A T A.

Sung by Signora Giordina.

R E C I T A T I V E.

L OVELY virgins in your prime,
 Mark the silent flight of time,
 Fortunes gifts shou'd she disclose,
 Quickly chuse what she bestows;
 Bloom and beauty soon decay,
 Love and youth fly swift away.

A I R.

Let not age thy bloom ensnare,
 You can find no pleasure there;
 Transient joys you'll seek in vain,
 Joys that ne'er return again.
 Ev'ry minute then improve,
 Fleeting are those joys of love;
 Wisely think the young and gay,
 But the tenants of a day.

S O N G I V.

The LILLY of the VALE.

Sung by Mr. Hudson, at Ranelagh.

T HE fragrant Lilly of the Vale
 So elegantly fair,
 Whose sweets perfume the fanning gale
 To Chloe I compare:

What though on earth it lowly grows,
 And strives its head to hide;
 Its sweetness far out-vies the rose,
 That flaunts with so much pride.

The costly tulip owes its hue
 To many a gaudy stain;
 In this we view the virgin white
 Of innocence remain:
 See how the curious florist's hand
 Uprears its humble head;
 And to preserve the charming flow'r,
 Transplants it to his bed.

There while it sheds its sweets around,
 How shines each modest grace;
 Enraptur'd how its owner stands,
 To view its lovely face:
 But pray, my Chloe, now observe
 The inference of my tale;
 May *I the florist be*—and thou
The Lilly of the Vale.

SONG V.

A favourite Song in the Oratorio of JUDITH.

Set by Dr. Arne.

Sung by Mrs. Pinto.

VAIN is beauty's gaudy flower,
 Pageant of an idle hour;
 Born just to bloom and fade;
 Nor less weak, less vain than it,
 Is the pride of human wit;
 The shadow of a shade.

SONG

SONG VI.

*Sung by Mr. Lowē, at Vauxhall.**Set by Mr. Worgan.*

YE fair who shine thro' Britain's Isle,
 And triumph o'er the heart ;
 For once attentive be a-while
 To what I now impart.
 Would you obtain the youth you love,
 The precepts of a friend approve,
 And learn the way to keep him.

As soon as nature has decreed
 The bloom of eighteen years,
 And *Isabel* from school is freed,
 Then beauty's force appears ;
 The youthful blood begins to flow,
 She hopes for man, and longs to know
 The surest way to keep him.

When first the pleasing pain is felt
 Within the lover's breast ;
 And you by strange persuasion melt,
 Each wishing to be blest ;
 Be not too bold, nor yet too coy,
 With prudence lure the happy boy,
 And that's the way to keep him.

At court, at ball, at park or play
 Assume a modest pride ;
 And, lest your tongue your mind betray,
 In fewer words confide.

The maid who thinks to gain a mate
By giddy chat, will find too late
That's not the way to keep him.

In dressing ne'er the hours kill,
That bane to all the sex;
Nor let the arts of dear *Spadille*
Your innocence perplex.
Be always decent as a bride;
By virtuous rules your reason guide,
For that's the way to keep him.

But when the nuptial knot is fast,
And both its blessings share,
To make those joys for ever last,
Of jealousy beware;
His love with kind compliance meet;
Let constancy the work compleat,
And you'll be sure to keep him.

SONG VII.

COLIN'S COMPLAINT,

A BALLAD IN THE ANCIENT STYLE.

New set by Dr. Arne.

DESPAIRING beside a clear stream,
A shepherd forsaken was laid,
And whilst a false nymph was his theme,
A willow supported his head:
The wind that blew over the plain
To his sighs with a sigh did reply,
And the brook, in return to his pain,
Ran mournfully murmuring by.

Alas!

Alas! silly swain that I was,
 Thus sadly complaining he cry'd,
 When first I beheld that fair face,
 T'were better by far I had dy'd;
 She talk'd, and I blest'd the dear tongue,
 When she smil'd 'twas a pleasure too great;
 I listen'd and cry'd when she sung,
 Was Nightingale ever so sweet;

How foolish was I to believe
 She could doat on so lowly a clown;
 Or that her fond heart would not grieve
 To forsake the fine folks of the town:
 To think that a beauty so gay,
 So kind and so constant would prove;
 To go clad like our maidens in grey,
 And live in a cottage on love.

What tho' I have skill to complain,
 Tho' the Muses my temples have crown'd;
 What tho' when they hear my soft strain,
 The virgins sit weeping around:
 Ah Colin! thy hopes are in vain,
 Thy pipe and thy laurel resign;
 Thy fair one inclines to a swain,
 Whose music is sweeter than thine.

And you my companions so dear,
 Who sorrow to see me betray'd,
 Whatever I suffer, forbear,
 Forbear to accuse the false maid:
 If thro' the wide world I should range,
 'Tis in vain from my fortune to fly;
 'Twas her's to be false, and to change,
 'Twas mine to be constant and die.

If while my hard fate I sustain,
 In her breast any pity is found,
 Let her come with the nymphs of the plain
 And see me laid low in the ground;
 The last humble boon that I crave,
 Is to shade me with cypress and yew;
 And when she looks down on my grave,
 Let her own that her shepherd was true.

Then to her new love let her go,
 And deck her in golden array,
 Be finest, at ev'ry fine show,
 And frolic it all the long day;
 While Colin, forgotten and gone,
 No more shall be heard of, or seen,
 Unless when beneath the pale moon,
 His ghost shall glide over the green.

SONG VIII.

The Words by Gay.

ALL in the Downs the fleet was moor'd,
 The streamers waving in the wind,
 When black-ey'd Susan came on board,
 Oh! where shall I my true love find?
 Tell me, ye jovial sailors, tell me true,
 If my sweet William sails among your crew?

William was high upon the yard,
 Rock'd by the billows to and fro;
 Soon as her well-known voice he heard,
 He sigh'd, and cast his eyes below;
 The cord flies swiftly thro' his glowing hands,
 And quick as light'ning on the deck he stands.

SONG XV.

The Words from SHAKESPEAR. Sung at Ranelagh.

COME, live with me, and be my love,
 And we will all the pleasures prove,
 That hills and vallies, dales and fields,
 And all the craggy mountain yields:
 There will we sit upon the rocks,
 And see the shepherds feed their flocks,
 Near shallow rivers, by whose falls
 Melodious birds sing Madrigals.

There will I make thee beds of roses,
 With a thousand fragrant posies,
 A cap of flowers, with a girdle
 Embroider all with leaves of myrtle;
 A gown made of the finest wool,
 Which from our pretty lambs we pull,
 If these delights thy mind may move,
 Come live with me and be my love.

Fur-lined slipper for the cold,
 With buckles of the purest gold;
 A belt of straw with Ivy buds,
 And coral clasps, and silver studs:
 The shepherd swains shall dance and sing,
 For thy delight each May morning:
 If these delights thy mind may move,
 Then live with me and be my love:

SONG XVI.

A song in Tamerlane.

TO thee, O gentle sleep, alone
 Is owing all our peace;
 By thee our joys are heighten'd shown,
 By thee our sorrows cease.

The

The nymph whose hand by fraud or force
 Some tyrant has possess'd,
 By thee obtaining a divorce,
 In her own choice is bless'd.

Oh stay! Arpasia bids thee stay,
 The sadly weeping fair
 Conjures thee not to lose, in day,
 The object of her care.

To grasp whose pleasing form she fought,
 That motion chas'd her sleep:
 Thus by ourselves are oftneft wrought,
 The griefs for which we weep.

SONG XVII.

The ATTIC FIRE.

WHEN all the Attic fire was fled,
 And all the Roman virtue dead,
 Poor freedom lost her seat;
 The Gothic mantle spread a night,
 That damp'd fair virtues fading light,
 The muses lost their mate.

Where should they wander, what new shore
 Has yet a laurel left in store?
 To this blest isle they steer;
 Soon the Parnassian choir was heard,
 Soon virtue's sacred form appear'd,
 And freedom soon was here.

The lazy monk has left his cell,
 Religion rings her hallow'd bell,
 She calls thee now by me:
 Hark her sweet voice all plaintive sounds,
 See, she receives a thousand wounds
 If shielded not by thee.

SONG XVIII.

The SKY LARK.

By Mr. Shenstone.

GO, tuneful bird, that glad'st the sky's,
 To Daphne's window speed thy way;
 And there on quivering pinions rise,
 And there thy vocal art display.

And if she deign thy notes to hear,
 And if she praise thy matin song,
 Tell her, in livelier plumes array'd,
 The bird from Indian groves may shine;
 And ask the lovely partial maid,
 What are his notes compar'd to thine.

Then bid her treat you witless bean,
 And all your flaunting race with scorn;
 And lend an ear to Damon's woe,
 Who sings her praise, and sings forlorn.

SONG XIX.

To SYLVIA.

By David Garrick, E/q.

IF truth can fix thy wav'ring heart,
 Let Damon urge his claim:
 He feels the passion void of art,
 The pure the constant flame.

Tho'

Tho' fighting swains their torments tell,
 Their sensual love contemn;
 They only prize the beauteous shell:
 But flight the inward gem.

Possession cures the wounded heart,
 Destroys the transient fire;
 But when the mind receives the dart,
 Enjoyment whets desire.

By age your beauty will decay,
 Your mind improves with years;
 As when the blossoms fade away,
 The rip'ning fruit appears.

May Heav'n and Sylvia grant my suit,
 And bless the future hour,
 That Damon, who can taste the fruit,
 May gather ev'ry flow'r.

S O N G XX.

By Mr. Shenstone.

Set by Mr. Bannister.

Sung at Ranelagh.

WHAT shepherd or nymph of the grove,
 Can blame me for dropping a tear,
 Or lamenting aloud as I rove,
 Since Phœbe no longer is here?
 My flocks, if at random they stray,
 What wonder, since she's from the plain?
 Her hand they were wont to obey.
 She rul'd both the sheep and the swain.

Can

Can I ever forget how we stray'd
 To the foot of yon neighbouring hill,
 To the bow'r we had built in the shade,
 Or the river that runs by the mill?
 There sweet by my side as she lay,
 And heard the fond stories I told,
 How sweet was the thrush from the spray,
 Or the bleating of lambs from the fold.

How oft would I spy out a charm.
 Which before had been hid from my view?
 And while arm was enfolded in arm,
 My lips to her lips how they grew?
 How long the sweet contest would last.
 Till the hours of retirement and rest?
 What pleasures and pains each had pass'd
 Who longest had lov'd, and who best?

No changes of place, or of time
 I felt when my fair one was near;
 Alike was each weather and clime,
 Each season that checquer'd the year;
 In winter's rude lap did we freeze,
 Did we melt on the bosom of May?
 Each morn brought contentment and ease,
 If we rose up to work or to play.

She was all my fond wishes could ask,
 She had all the kind Gods could impart,
 She was nature's most beautiful task,
 The despair and the envy of art;
 There all that was worthy to prize,
 In all that was lovely was dress'd,
 For the graces were thron'd in her eyes,
 And the virtues all lodg'd in her breast.

SONG XXI.

H O P E.

A PASTORAL.

Set by Mr. Arne.

MY banks are all furnish'd with bees,
 Whose murmur invites one to sleep;
 My grottoes are shaded with trees,
 And my hills are white over with sheep:
 I seldom have met with a loss,
 Such health do my fountains bestow;
 My fountains all border'd with moss,
 Where the hare-bells and violets grow,
 Where the hare-bells and violets grow.

I have found out a gift for my fair,
 I have found where the wood-pidgeon breed;
 But let me that plunder forbear,
 She'll say 'twas a barbarous deed;
 For he ne'er could be true, she averr'd,
 Who could rob a poor bird of its young;
 And I lov'd her the more when I heard
 Such tenderness fall from her tongue,
 Such tenderness fall from her tongue.

But where does my Phillida stray?
 And where are her grots and her bow'rs?
 Are the groves and the valleys as gay,
 And the shepherds as gentle as ours?
 The groves may perhaps be as fair,
 And the face of the valleys as fine;
 The swains may in manners compare,
 But their love is not equal to mine,
 But their love is not equal to mine.

SONG

SONG XXII.

BLEST as the immortal Gods is he,
 The youth who fondly sits by thee.
 And hears and sees thee all the while
 Softly speak and sweetly smile.

So spake the lovely eastern maid :
 Like thine seraphic were her charms
 That in Circassia's vineyard stray'd,
 And blest the wisest monarch's arms.

A thousand pairs of high desert
 Strove to inchant the am'rous king,
 But the Circassian gain'd his heart,
 And taught the royal bard to sing.
 Clarinda thus our song inspires,
 And claims the smooth and softest lays;
 But while each charm our bosom fires,
 Words seem too few to sound her praise.

Her mind, in every grace compleat,
 To paint, surpasses human skill; |
 Her majesty mixt with the sweet;
 Let seraphs sing her if they will.
 Whilst wand'ring with a ravish'd eye,
 We all that's perfect in her view,
 Viewing a sister of the sky,
 To whom an adoration's due.

SONG

S O N G XXIII.

ASK if yon damask rose be sweet,
 That scents the ambient air.
 Then ask each shepherd that you meet
 If dear Susanna's fair.

Say will the vulture quit his prey,
 And warble thro' the grove?
 Bid wanton linnets quit the spray;
 Then doubt thy shepherd's love.

The spoils of war let heroes share,
 Let pride in splendor shine,
 Ye bards unenvied laurels wear;
 Be fair Susanna mine.

S O N G XXIV.

WHEN the trees are all bare not a leaf to be
 seen,
 And the meadows their beauties have lost;
 When all nature disrob'd of her mantle of green,
 And the streams are fast bound with the frost;

When the peasant, inactive, stands shiv'ring with cold,
 As bleak the winds northerly blow,
 And the innocent flock runs for shelter to fold,
 With their fleeces all cover'd with snow.

In the yard when the cattle are foddered with straw,
 And send forth their breath like a steam;
 When the neat-looking dairy-maid sees she must thaw
 Flakes of ice which she finds on her cream.

When

When the blythe country lass, as fresh as a rose,
 As she carelessly trips, often slides;
 And the rustick laughs aloud, if in falling she shews
 Those charms which her modesty hides.

When the lads and the lasses for company join'd,
 In a crowd round the embers they sat,
 Talk of witches and fairies, that ride on the wind,
 And of ghosts till they are all in a sweat;

When the birds to the barn-door come hov'ring for
 food,
 Or silently sit on the spray;
 And the poor timid hare, in vain seeks the wood,
 For faithless her footsteps betray.

Heavens grant in that season, it may be my lot,
 With the girl that I love and admire,
 When the icicles hang to the eve of my cot,
 I may thither in safety retire;

Where in neatness and quiet, and free from surprize,
 We may live in each other secure,
 Nor feel any turbulent passions arise,
 But those which each other can cure.

SONG XXV.

Sung by Mr. Hudson, at Ranelagh.

FAR sweeter than the hawthorn bloom,
 Whose fragrance sheds a rich perfume,
 And all the meadows fill;
 Much fairer than the lily-blows,
 More lovely than the blushing rose
 Is Patty of the mill.

The

The neighbouring swains her beauty fir'd;
 With wonder struck they all admir'd,
 And prais'd her from the hill;
 Each strove with all his rustic art
 To sooth and charm the honest heart
 Of Patty of the mill.

But vain were all attempts to move
 A fixed heart more true to love
 Than turtles when they bill.
 A chearful soul, a pleasing grace,
 And sweet content smiles in the face
 Of Patty of the mill.

The good a friend in fortune find,
 Exalts the honest virtuous mind,
 And guards it from all ill,
 Ye fair forever constant prove,
 Be ever kind—be true to love,
 Like Patty of the mill.

S O N G XXVI.

CORRINNA was lovely, was witty, and young.
 And all o'er the town had her praises been sung;
 The beaux and the fops paid their court to her eyes,
 And the belles, tho' her rivals, beheld with surprize.
 Yet to all who in praising her charms did excel
 Her answer was only, Indeed very well.

Lysander amidst her admirers prest,
 And the true flame of love found to glow in his breast,
 With awe he approach'd and with modesty spoke,
 Yet his passion she treated as only a joke;
 Tho' the pangs he indur'd no tongue e're could tell,
 Yet her answer to all was, Indeed very well.

Denials

Denials provok'd him to try other ways,
 Nor barely to kneel and to utter her praise;
 He boldly embrac'd the bright nymph in his arms,
 And kiss'd her, and feasted himself with her charms,
 She thought, of her lovers he did all excel,
 But answer'd *Lyfander*, as yet, very well.

As she faintly repuls'd him, the swain grew more
 bold,
 That soon she consented to have and to hold;
 At Hymen's bright altar receiv'd her fair hand,
 Attended by Cupids, a choice little band!
 Her face sweetly smiling, she dares now to tell,
 That *Lyfander* she loves, ay, indeed very well.

S O N G XXVII.

Set by Dr. Arne.

The Words by Mr. Shenstone.

WHEN forc'd from dear *Hebe* to go,
 What anguish I felt at my heart!
 And I thought, but it might not be so,
 She was sorry to see me depart.
 She cast such a languishing view,
 My path I could scarcely discern;
 And so sweetly she bid me adieu,
 I thought she had bid me return.

Methinks she might like to retire
 To the grove I had labour'd to rear;
 For whatever I heard her admire,
 I hasted and planted it there.

C

Her

Her voice such a pleasure conveys,
 So much I her accents adore,
 Let her speak, and whatever she says,
 I'm sure still to love her the more.

And now, e're I haste to the plain,
 Come, shepherds, and tell of her ways ;
 I could lay down my life for the swain
 Who would sing me a song in her praise.
 While he sings may the maids of the town
 Come flocking, and listen the while ;
 Nor on him let *Hebe* once frown,
 Tho' I cannot allow her to smile.

If to see when my charmer goes by,
 Some hermit peep out of his cell,
 How he thinks of his youth with a sigh !
 How fondly he wishes her well !
 On him she may smile if she please,
 It will warm the cool bosom of age ;
 Yet cease, gentle *Hebe*, O cease,
 Such softness will ruin the sage.

I've stole from no flowerets that grow,
 To deck the dear charms I approve,
 For what can a blossom bestow,
 So sweet, so delightful as love ?
 I sing in a rustical way,
 A shepherd, and one of the throng ;
 Yet *Hebe* approves of my lay :
 Go, poets, and envy my song.

SONG

S O N G XXVIII.

Song by Mr. Pope.

HAPPY the man whose wish and care
 A few paternal acres bound,
 Content to breath his native air
 In his own ground.

Whose herds with milk, whose fields with bread
 Whose flocks supply him with attire,
 Whose trees in summer yield him shade,
 In winter fire.

Blest, who can unconcern'dly find
 Hours, days, and years slide soft away;
 In health of body, peace of mind,
 Quiet by day,

Sound sleep by night, study and ease
 Together mix'd, sweet recreation
 And innocence, which most doth please,
 With meditation.

Thus let me live unseen, unknown,
 Thus unlamented let me die,
 Steal from the world, and not a stone
 tell where I lie.

C r

S O N G

SONG XXIX.

DAMON and FLORELLA,

Sung in Harlequin Sorcerer.

H E

CAST, my love, thine eyes around,
 See the sportive lambkin's play;
 Nature gaily decks the ground;
 All in honour of the May.
 Like the sparrow and the dove,
 Listen to the voice of love.

S H E

Damon, thou hast found me long
 Lift'ning to thy soothing tale,
 And thy soft persuasive song
 Oft has held me in the dale;
 Take, oh! Damon, while I live
 All which virtue ought to give.

H E

Not the verdure of the grove,
 Not the garden's fairest flower,
 Not the meads where lovers rove,
 Tempted by the vernal hours,
 Can delight thy Damon's eye,
 If Florella is not by.

S H E

S H E

Not the water's gentle fall,
 By the banks with poplars crown'd,
 Not the feather'd songsters all,
 Nor the flutes melodious sound,
 Can delight Florella's ear
 If her Damon is not near.

B O T H

Let us love and let us live
 Like the chearful season gay,
 Banish care, and let us give
 Tribute to the fragrant May;
 Like the sparrow and the dove,
 Listen to the voice of love.

S O N G XXX.

*Set by Mr. Boyer.**The Words by Mr. Moore.*

HOW blest has my time been! what days have I
 known

Since wedlock's soft bondage made Jessy my own!
 So joyful my heart is, so easy my chain,
 That freedom is tasteless and roving a pain,
 That freedom is tasteless and roving a pain.

Thro' walks grown with woodbines as often we stray,
 Around us our boys and girls frolic and play;
 How pleasing the sport is!—the wanton ones see,
 And borrow their looks from my Jessy and me.
 And borrow, &c.

To try her sweet temper oft times I am seen
 In revels all day with the nymphs of the green ;
 Tho' painful my absence, my doubts she beguiles,
 And meets me at night with compliance and smiles.
 And meets, &c.

What tho' on her cheeks the rose loses its hue,
 Her ease and good humour bloom all the year through :
 Time still, as he flies, adds increase to her truth,
 And gives to her mind what he steals from her youth ;
 And gives, &c.

Ye shepherds so gay, who make love to insnare,
 And cheat with false vows the two credulous fair ;
 In search of true pleasure, how vainly you roam !
 To hold it for life, you must find it at home ;
 To hold it for life, you must find it at home.

S O N G XXXI.

COME, come, my good shepherds, our flocks we
 must shear ;
 In your holiday suits with your lasses appear :
 The happiest of folks are the guileless and free ;
 And who are so guileless, so happy as we ?

We harbour no passions by luxury taught :
 We practise no arts with hypocrisy fraught :
 What we think in our hearts you may read in our eyes,
 For, knowing no falsehood, we need no disguise.

By mode and caprice are the city dames led ;
 But we all the children of nature are bred :
 By her hands alone we are painted and dress'd,
 For the roses will bloom when there's peace in the
 breast.

The

The giant, Ambition, we never can dread;
 Our roofs are too low for so lofty a head;
 Content and sweet chearfulness wait at our door;
 They smile with the simple, and feed with the poor.

When love has possess'd us, that love we reveal;
 Like the flocks that we see are the passions we feel;
 So harmless and simple we sport and we play,
 And leave to fine folk to deceive and betray.

S O N G XXXII.

THE nymph that I lov'd was as chearful as day,
 And as sweet as the blossoming hawthorn in
May;

Her temper was smooth as the down on the dove;
 And her face was as fair as the mother's of love:
 Tho' mild as the pleasantest Zephyr that sheds,
 And receives gentle odours from flowery beds;
 Yet warm in affection as *Phœbus* at noon,
 And as chaste as the silver-white beams of the moon.
 Her mind was unsully'd as new falling snow,
 And as lively as tints from young *Iris* his bow;
 As clear as the stream, and as deep as the flood;
 She, tho' witty, was wise, and tho' beautiful good.
 The sweets that each virtue, or grace, had in store,
 She cull'd, as the bee does, the bloom of each flow'r,
 Which, treasur'd for me, O! how happy was I!
 For tho' her's to collect, it was mine to enjoy!

S O N G XXXIII.

NO more ye swains no more upbraid,
 A youth by love unhappy made;
 Your rural sports are all in vain,
 To sooth my care, or ease my pain:

Nor shade of trees nor sweets of flowers,
Can e'er redeem my happy hours;
When ease forsakes the tortur'd mind,
What pleasure can a lover find.

Yet, if again you wish to see
Your Damon still restor'd and free;
Go try to move the cruel fair,
And gain the scornful Cælia's ear:
But oh! forbear with too much art,
To touch that dear relentless heart;
Lest rivals to my tears you prove,
And jealousy succeed to love.

SONG XXXIV.

Sung by Miss Stevenson, at Vauxhall.

GAY Damon long study'd my heart to obtain,
The pretti'st young shepherd that pipes on the
plain;
I'd hear his soft tale, then declare 'twas amiss,
And I'd often say no, when I long'd to say yes.
And I'd often, &c.

Last Valentine's day to our cottage he came,
And sent me two lamb-skins to witness his flame;
Oh! take these he cry'd, thou more fair than their
fleece,
I could hardly say no, tho' ashamed to say yes.
I could hardly, &c.

Soon

Soon after one morning we sat in the grove,
 He press'd my hand hard, and in sighs breath'd
 his love;
 Then tenderly ask'd, if I'd grant him a wife,
 I design'd to have said no, but mistook and said yes.
 I design'd, &c.

While at this, with delight, his heart danc'd in his
 breast,

Ye gods, he cry'd, Chloe will now make me blest;
 Come, lets to the church, and share conjugall bliss;
 To prevent being tear'd, I was forc'd to say yes.
 To prevent being tear'd, &c.

I ne'er was so pleas'd with a word in my life,
 I ne'er was so happy as since I'm a wife;
 Then take ye young damsels my counsel in this,
 You must all die old maids if you will not say yes.
 You must all die old maids if you will not say yes.

SONG XXXV.

LOVE'S ELEGY.

Set by Mr. Battishill.

FAREWELL Ianthe, faithless maid,
 Source of all my grief and pain;
 Who with fond hopes my heart betray'd,
 And fan'd loves kindling flame;
 Yet gave from me thy hand this morn,
 To Corydon's rich heir;
 Who with gay vestments did adorn,
 Thee false yet beauteous fair.

Adieu, my native soil, ye vales,
 High woods and tufted hills;
 Adieu, ye groves and flow'ry dales,
 Clear streams and crystal rills;
 Adieu, ye bring into my mind,
 Those past, those happy days;
 When Iphis found Ianthe kind,
 And pleasure strew'd his ways.

E're down my homely steps I'll bend,
 Where distant mountains rise;
 In hopes that reason there may send,
 That aid she here denies;
 That time and absence may efface,
 Her image from my breast;
 Which, while she there maintain's a place,
 Can never taste of rest.

S O N G XXXVI.

Sung by Mr. Lowe, Mrs. Vincent, Miss Collet, *and*
 Miss Davis, *at* Marybone Gardens.

COME, ye party jangling swains,
 Leave your flocks, and quit the plains;
 Friends to country, or to court,
 Nothing here shall spoil your sport.

CHORUS.

Ever welcome to our feast,
 Welcome ev'ry friendly guest.

Sprightly

Mr. Lowi.

Sprightly widows, come away;
Laughing dames, and virgins gay;
Little gaudy flatt'ring misses,
(Smiling hopes of future blisses.)
Ever welcome, &c.

Mrs. COLLETT.

All the rip'ning sun can bring,
Beauteous summer, beauteous spring,
In one varying scene we show,
The green, the ripe, the bud, the blow.
Ever welcome, &c.

Miss DAVIS.

Comus jesting, music charming,
Wine inspiring, beauty warming;
Rage with party-malice dies,
Peace returns, and discord flies.
Ever welcome to our feast,
Welcome ev'ry friendly guest.

S O N G XXXVII.

WELCOME, sun and southern showers,
Harbingers of birds and flowers,
Farewell balls and masquerades,
Welcome grots and cooling shades:
Blooming May approaches near,
The lowing of the herds we hear;
The flatt'ring lambs around us bleat,
While daizies spring beneath our feet.

Birds

Birds are perch'd in ev'ry spray;
 Warbling notes to praise the day;
 A thousand herbs their fragrance yield,
 And cowslips cover all the field,
 Sure 'tis time that now we flee:
 London from thy smoak and thee:
 Welcome joys more pure and true,
 Drums and routs, adieu, adieu.

SONG XXXVIII.

WHEN here, Lucinda, first we came,
 Where Arno rolls his silver stream;
 How brisk the nymphs, the swains how gay!
 Content inspir'd each rural lay:
 The birds in livelier concert sung,
 The grapes in fuller clusters hung,
 All look'd as joy could never fail,
 Among the sweets of Arno's vale.

But since the good Palemon dy'd,
 The chief of shepherds, and their pride;
 Now Arno's sons must all give place
 To northern men, an iron race:
 The taste of pleasure now is o'er;
 Thy notes, Lucinda, please no more;
 The muses droop, the Goths prevail;
 Adieu the sweets of Arno's vale!

SONG XXXIX.

STREPHON of the HILL.

Set by Dr. Arne.

LET others *Damon's* Praise rehearse,
 Or *Colin's* at their will;
 I mean to sing, in rustic verse,
 Young *Strephon* of the hill.

As once I sat beneath a shade,
 Beside a purling rill;
 Who shou'd my solitude invade,
 But *Strephon* of the hill?

He tap't my shoulder, snatch'd a kiss,
 I cou'd not take it ill;
 For nothing, sure, is done amiss
 By *Strephon* of the hill.

Consent, O lovely maid! he cry'd,
 Nor aim thy swain to kill:
 Consent this day to be the bride
 Of *Strephon* of the hill.

Observe the doves on yonder spray,
 See how they fit and bill;
 So sweet your time shall pass away
 With *Strephon* of the hill.

We went to church with hearty glee,
 O love propitious still!
 May ev'ry nymph be blest, like me,
 With *Strephon* of the hill.

SONG

SONG XL.

*Set by Mr. Baildon.**Sung at Vauxhall.*

ATTEND, ye nymphs, while I impart
 The secret wishes of my heart;
 And tell what swain, if one there be,
 Whom fate designs for love and me.

Let reason o'er his thoughts preside,
 Let honour all his actions guide;
 Stedfast in virtue let him be,
 The swain design'd for love and me.

Let solid sense inform his mind;
 With pure good-nature sweetly join'd;
 Sure friend to modest merit be,
 The swain design'd for love and me.

Where sorrow prompts the pensive sigh,
 Whence grief bedews the drooping eye,
 Melting in sympathy I see,
 The swain design'd for love and me.

Let sordid av'rice claim no part
 Within his tender, gen'rous heart;
 Oh! be that heart from falsehood free,
 Devoted all to love and me.

SONG

SONG XII.

A favourite Scotch RONDEAU.

Sung by Mrs. Weischel, at Vauxhall.

Set by Mr. Hook.

YE nymphs 'tis true to Colin's strain
I've often listen'd in the grove,
And can you blame me that a swain
Like Colin should engage my love.

Alas! could I my heart secure,
Unless to worth and merit blind;
Ah! say thou'd you yourselves endure,
To slight a swain so true and kind.

When truth conveys the tender tale,
And honour breathes the shepherd's sigh;
Love o'er discretion will prevail,
To shun its power in vain we try.

SONG XLII.

The Words by a Lady of Quality.

Set by Dr. Boyce.

WHILST on my Colin's knee I sit,
Lur'd by thy voice, charm'd with thy wit,
My panting heart true measure beats,
And gladly ev'ry sigh repeats;
I sigh with joy, that thou may'st see,
I sympathize in all—with thee.

S O N G XL.

Set by Mr. Baildon.

Sung at Vauxhall.

ATTEND, ye nymphs, while I impart
The secret wishes of my heart;
And tell what swain, if one there be,
Whom fate designs for love and me.

Let reason o'er his thoughts preside,
Let honour all his actions guide;
Stedfast in virtue let him be,
The swain design'd for love and me.

Let solid sense inform his mind,
With pure good-nature sweetly join'd;
Sure friend to modest merit be,
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Where sorrow prompts the pensive sigh,
Whence grief bedews the drooping eye,
Melting in sympathy I see,
The swain design'd for love and me.

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Within his tender, gen'rous heart;
Oh! be that heart from falsehood free,
Devoted all to love and me.

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Sung by Mrs. Weischel, at Vauxhall.

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I've often listen'd in the grove,
And can you blame me that a swain
Like Colin should engage my love.

Alas! could I my heart secure,
Unless to worth and merit blind;
Ah! say cou'd you yourselves endure,
To slight a swain so true and kind.

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Love o'er discretion will prevail,
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Lur'd by thy voice, charm'd with thy wit,
My panting heart true measure beats,
And gladly ev'ry sigh repeats;
I sigh with joy, that thou may'st see,
I sympathize in all—with thee.

No matter how the ice was broke,
 Or whether you or I first spoke;
 Who only barter love for love,
 The niceness of the passion prove:
 For oft in gratitude we give,
 And sometimes generously receive.

Levell'd by love, let neither try,
 To fix superiority;
 Since all the kind, the fond contest,
 Of whether you or I love best,
 Like heedless touching a wrong key,
 But jars the sound of harmony.

SONG XLIII.

RETIREMENT.

Set by Mr. Battisbill.

FAREWELL, the smoaky town, adieu
 Each rude and sensual joy;
 Gay, fleeting pleasures, all untrue,
 That in possession cloy.

Far from the garnish'd scene I'll fly,
 Where folly keeps her court,
 To wholesome, sound philosophy,
 And harmless rural sport.

How happy is the humble cell,
 How blest the deep retreat,
 Where sorrow's billows never swell,
 Nor passion's tempests beat!

But safely thro' the sea of life,
 Calm reason wafts us o'er,
 Free from ambition, noise, and strife,
 To death's eternal shore.

S O N G XLIV.

By Dr. Arne.

O F thy the fairest,
 Daphne come my dearest!
 See the opening spring invites!
 Earthly sweets abounding,
 Leafy woods surrounding,
 Call us forth to new delight.

Hark, how softly cooing,
 Yon mate turtle wooing,
 Strives to charm the female dove!
 She no coynefs feigning,
 Human arts disdaining,
 Whispers thus—I love—I love.

Warm'd by her example,
 Give my dear, a sample,
 Of my heavenly joys in view!
 That lov'd form resigning,
 Show a heart inclining,
 To be kind and true.

S O N G

SONG. LXV.

F L O R A.

*A favourite Air, sung by Miss Jameson, at Vauxhall,
Set by Mr. Worgan.*

WHEN chilling winter hies away,
I *Flora*, re-assume my reign ;
Bore on the wings of balmy May,
I come to paint the woods and plain.
Ambrosial sweet I have in store,
The cowslip, violet, rose, appear ;
The nymphs and swains my power adore,
And wish my presence all the year ;
Enrich'd by me the grateful throng,
All dress'd with flow'rs and garlands gay,
With festive pipe, and dance, and song,
Now keep their much-lov'd *Flora's* day.

SONG XLVI.

A favourite Song, sung by Mrs. Weichsel, at Vauxhall. Set by Mr. Worgan.

THE spring newly dawning invites ev'ry flower
To blossom again on the mead or the bow'r ;
Tho' sports on each plain the young shepherds prepare,
To me they're unpleasing if *Jockey's* not there.
Tho' sports, &c,

Let

S O N G L.

*A favourite Song. Set by Mr. Barthelemon, and
sung by Mrs. Weichsell, at Vauxhall.*

GENTLE *Damon* cease to woo me,
'Tis in vain you thus pursue me,
Sighs and tears cannot subdue me,
Nor can change my constant heart.

Young *Philander's* generous passion
Taught me first soft inclination ;
Never shall your fly persuasion
Make me act a treacherous part.
Gentle *Damon* cease, &c.

Cease, O cease, then this complaining,
Such perfidious arts disdaining ;
Let bright honour, once more reigning,
To your soul its rays impart.
Gentle *Damon* cease, &c.

S O N G LI.

Set by Dr. Arne.

HUSH, ye birds, your amorous tales,
Purling rills in silence move !
Softly breathe, ye gentle gales,
Lest ye wake my slumb'ring love.

O the joy beyond expression,
That enchanting form to own !
Then to hear the soft confession
That her heart is mine alone.

S O N G

SONG. LXV.

FLORA.

*A favourite Air, sung by Miss Jamieson, at Vauxhall,
Set by Mr. Worgan.*

WHEN chilling winter hies away,
I *Flora*, re-assume my reign;
Bore on the wings of balmy May,
I come to paint the woods and plain.
Ambrosial sweet I have in store,
The cowslip, violet, rose, appear;
The nymphs and swains my power adore,
And wish my presence all the year;
Enrich'd by me the grateful throng,
All dress'd with flow'rs and garlands gay,
With festive pipe, and dance, and song,
Now keep their much-lov'd *Flora's* day.

SONG XLVI.

*A favourite Song, sung by Mrs. Weichsel, at Vauxhall.
Set by Mr. Worgan.*

THE spring newly dawning invites ev'ry flower
To blossom again on the mead or the bow'r;
Tho' sports on each plain the young shepherds prepare,
To me they're unpleasing if *Jockey's* not there.
Tho' sports, &c,

Let

SONG L.

*A favourite Song. Set by Mr. Barthelemon, and
sung by Mrs. Weichsell, at Vauxhall.*

GENTLE *Damon* cease to woo me,
'Tis in vain you thus pursue me,
Sighs and tears cannot subdue me,
Nor can change my constant heart.

Young *Philander's* generous passion
Taught me first soft inclination;
Never shall your sly persuasion
Make me act a treacherous part.
Gentle *Damon* cease, &c.

Cease, O cease, then this complaining,
Such perfidious arts disdaining;
Let bright honour, once more reigning,
To your soul its rays impart.
Gentle *Damon* cease, &c.

SONG LI.

Set by Dr. Arne.

HUSH, ye birds, your amorous tales,
Purling rills in silence move!
Softly breathe, ye gentle gales,
Lest ye wake my slumb'ring love.

O the joy beyond expression,
That enchanting form to own!
Then to hear the soft confession
That her heart is mine alone.

SONG

SONG LII.

Set by Mr. Hook.

OH how vain is ev'ry blessing,
How insipid all our joys,
Life how little worth possessing,
But when life its time employs !

Love the purest, noblest pleasure
That the gods on earth bestow,
Adding wealth to ev'ry treasure,
Taking pain from ev'ry woe.

SONG LIII.

Set by Mr. Bach.

IN this shady blest retreat
I've been wishing for my dear ;
Hark ! I hear his welcome feet,
Tell the lovely charmer's near.

'Tis the sweet bewitching swain,
True to love's appointed hour ;
Joy and peace now smile again :
Love ! I own thy mighty power.

SONG LIV.

BRIGHT was the morn, cool was the air,
Serene was all the sky,
When on the waves I left my dear,
The center of my joy ;
Heaven and nature smiling were,
And nothing sad but I.

Each

Each rosy field did odours spread,
 All fragrant was the shore ;
 Each river god rose from his bed ;
 And sigh'd and own'd her pow'r ;
 Curling their waves, they deck'd their heads,
 As proud of what they bore.

So when the fair Egyptian queen
 Her hero went to see,
 Cydnus swell'd o'er his banks with pride,
 As much in love as he.

Glide on, ye waters, bear these lines,
 And tell her how distress'd :
 Bear all my sighs, ye gentle winds,
 And waft them to her breast ;
 Tell her, if e'er she proves unkind,
 I never shall have rest.

SONG LV.

Set by Mr. Howard.

AT setting day and rising morn,
 With soul that still shall love thee,
 I'll ask of heaven thy safe return,
 With all that can improve thee :
 I'll visit oft the birken bush,
 Where first you kindly told me
 Sweet tales of love, and hid my blush,
 Whilst round thou didst enfold me.

To

To all our haunts thou didst repair,
 By green-wood, shade, or fountain,
 Or where the summer's day I'd share ;
 With you upon the mountain :
 There will I tell the trees and flowers,
 With thoughts unfeign'd and tender,
 By vows your're mine, my love is your's,
 My heart which cannot wander.

S O N G LVI.

A C A N T A T A.

Set by Dr. Arne.

R E C I T A T I V E.

THE festive board was met, the social band,
 Round fam'd Anacreon took their silent stand ;
 My sons (began the sage) be this the rule ;
 No brow austere must dare approach my school,
 Where Love and Bacchus jointly reign within,
 Old care, begone ! here sadness is a sin.

A I R.

Tell not me the joys that wait
 On him that's learn'd, or him that's great,
 Wealth and wisdom I despise ;
 Cares surround the rich and wise ;
 The queen that gives soft wishes birth,
 And Bacchus, god of wine and mirth,
 Me their friend and fav'rite own,
 And I was born for them alone ;
 Bus'ness, title, pomp, and state,
 Give them to the fools I hate.

But

But let love, let life be mine,
 Bring me women, bring me wine.
 Speed the dancing hours away,
 Mind not what the grave ones say :
 Gayly let the minutes fly,
 In wit and freedom, love and joy :
 So shall love, shall life be mine :
 Bring me women, bring me wine.

SONG LV.

Set by Dr. Arne.

WHAT means that tender sigh, my dear !
 Why silent drops that crystal tear ?

What jealous fears disturb thy breast,
 Where love and peace delights to rest ?
 What tho' my *Jockey* has been seen
 With *Molly* sporting on the green,
 'Twas but an artful trick to prove
 The matchless force of *Jenny's* love.

'Tis true a nosegay I had drest
 To grace the witty *Daphne's* breast ;
 But 'twas at her desire to try
 If *Damon* cast a jealous eye,
 These flow'rs will fade by morning dawn,
 Neglected, scatter'd o'er the lawn ;
 But in thy fragrant bosom lies
 A sweet perfume that never dies.

SONG LVI.

A favourite Cantata.

Set by Mr. Stanley.

WHO'LL buy a heart, *Myrtilla* cries,
And throws about her wanton eyes ;
An easy shape, a graceful air,
A face, like lovely *Hebe's* fair ;
A pair of eyes that wound at sight,
And foil the di'mond's piercing light ?
Come hither, ye that long to prove
The soul-enchanting joys of love ;
Come, quickly come, for only he
Buys that bids the most for me :
But let no sordid wretch presume
With even *Craesus'* wealth to come,
Nor vainly hope for gems, or gold,
Such charms as these can ever be sold ;
So vile a change I scorn to make,
For love's the only coin I take.

SONG LVII.

Set by Dr. Arne.

LOVE's a gentle, gen'rous passion,
Source of all sublime delights,
Which, with mutual inclination,
Two fond hearts in one unites.

What

What are titles, pomp, or riches,
If compar'd with true content ;
That false joy which now bewitches,
When obtain'd we may repent.

Lawless passion brings vexation,
But a chaste and constant love,
Is a glorious emulation,
Of the blissful state above.

S O N G LVIII.

A favourite CANTATA.

Set by Dr. Arne.

AIR.

WHY Damon wilt thou strive in vain,
My firm resolves to move ;
My heart, alas ! may feel the pain,
But scorns the guilt of love.

RECITATIVE.

Perfidious too like all the rest,
Is faithless *Damon* grown :
Ah ! can'st thou seek to wound the breast,
That pants for thee alone ?

AIR.

No—for a thought so meanly base,
Ungrateful thou shalt find,
The heart that could admire thy face,
Can hate thee for thy mind.

SONG LIX.

Sung by Mr. Lowe.

FAIR *Hebe* I left with a cautious design
To escape from her charms, and to drown them
in wine ;

I try'd it, but found when I came to depart
The wine in my head, and still love in my heart.

I repair'd to my reason, intreated her aid,
Who paus'd on my case and each circumstance
weigh'd,

Then gravely pronounc'd, in return to my pray'r,
'That *Hebe* was fairest of all that was fair.

'That's a truth, reply'd I, I've no need to be taught,
I came for your counsel to find out a fault.

If that's all, quoth reason, return as you came,
To find fault with *Hebe* would forfeit my name.

What hopes then, alas ! of relief from my pain,
While like lightning she darts through each throbbing
vein ?

My senses surpriz'd in her favour took arms,
And reason confirms me a slave to her charms.

SONG LX.

The Modest Question.

CAN love be controul'd by advice ?
Can madness and reason agree ?

O *Molly* ! who'd ever be wise,
If madness is loving of thee :

Let

Let dull sages pretend to despise,
 The joys they want spirits to taste;
 Let me seize on old time as he flies,
 And the blessings of 'life while they last.

Dull wisdom but adds to our cares,
 Brisk love will improve ev'ry joy;
 Too soon we may meet with grey hairs,
 Too late may repent being coy.
 Then, *Molly*, for what should we stay,
 Till our best blood begins to run cold!
 Our youth we can have but to-day,
 We may always find time to grow old.

S O N G LXI.

In ELIZA.

Set by Dr. Arne.

MY fond shepherds of late were so blest,
 Their fair nymphs were so happy and gay;
 That each night they went safely to rest,
 And they merrily sung thro' the day:
 But, ah! what a scene must appear,
 Must the sweet rural pastimes be o'er;
 Shall the tabor, the tabor, no more strike the ear,
 Shall the dance on the green be no more.

Must the flocks from their pastures be led,
 Must the herds go wild straying abroad;
 Shall the looms be all stopp'd in each shed,
 And the ships be all moor'd in each road:

Must the arts be all scatter'd around,
 And shall commerce grow sick of her tide;
 Must religion, religion, expire on the ground,
 And shall virtue sink down by her side.

S O N G LXII.

Sung in COMUS.

WOULD you taste the noon-tide air,
 To yon fragrant bow'r repair,
 Where woven with the poplar bough,
 The mantling vine will shelter you.
 The mantling vine will shelter you.
 Down each side a fountain flows,
 Tinkling, murm'ring, as it goes,
 Lightly o'er the mossy ground,
 Lightly o'er the mossy ground,
 Sultry Phœbus scorching round,
 Sultry Phœbus scorching round.

Round the languid herds, and sheep,
 Stretch'd o'er sunny hillocks, sleep;
 While on the Hyacinth and Rose,
 The fair does all alone repose;
 The fair does all alone repose:
 All alone; yet in her arms
 Your breast shall beat to love's alarms,
 Till, blest and blessing, you shall own,
 The joys of love are joys alone;
 The joys of love are joys alone.

SONG LXIII.

In the same.

Set by Dr. Arne.

BY dimpled brook and fountain brim,
The wood nymphs deck'd with daisies trim;
Their merry (merry) wakes and pastimes keep,
What has night to do with sleep?

Night has better sweets to prove,
Venus now wakes, and wakens love;
Come let us our rites begin,
'Tis only day-light that makes sin.

SONG LXIV.

DUETTO. *Sung in the same.*

Set by Dr. Arne.

FROM tyrant laws and customs free,
We follow sweet variety;
By turns we drink, and dance, and sing,
Fire's for ever on the wing.

Why should niggard rules controul,
Transports of the jovial soul;
No dull stinting hour we own,
Pleasure courts our time alone.

SONG LXV.

In the same.

Sung by Mr. Beard.

NOW Phæbus sinketh in the west,
 Welcome song and welcome jest,
 Midnight shouts and revelry,
 Tipfy dance and jollity.
 Braid your locks with rosy twine,
 Dropping odours, dropping wine.
 Braid your locks, &c.

Rigour now is gone to bed,
 And advice, with scrupulous head;
 Strict age and sour severity,
 With their grave saws in slumber lie,
 With their grave saws in slumber lie.

SONG LXVI.

Sung by the same in the same.

BY the gaily circling glass,
 We can see how minutes pass;
 By the hollow cask are told
 How the waning night grows old,
 How the waning night grows old!

Soon, too soon! the busy day,
 Drives us from our sports and play,
 What have we with day to do,
 Sons of care 'twas made for you,
 Sons of care 'twas made for you.

SONG

S O N G LXVII.

Sung by the same in the same.

Set by Dr. Arne.

FLY swiftly ye minutes, till Comus receive,
The nameless soft transports that beauty can give;
The bowl's frolic joys let him teach her to prove,
And she, in return, yield the raptures of love.

Without love and wine, wit and beauty are vain,
Pow'r and grandeur insipid, and riches a pain;
The most splendid palace grows dark as the grave,
Love and wine give, ye gods, or take back what you
gave.

S O N G LXVIII.

Sung by Mrs. Pinto.

In the same.

Set by Dr. Arne.

SWEET echo! sweetest nymph, that liv'st unseen,
Within thy airy cell,
By slow Meander's margin green,
And in the violet-embroider'd vale,
Where the love-lorn nightingale,
Nightly to thee her sad song mourneth well,
Canst thou not tell me of a gentle pair,
That likest thy Narcissus are.

O! if you have
 Hid them in some flow'ry cave ;
 Tell me but where,
 Sweet queen of parley, daughter of the sphere :
 So may'st thou be translated to the skies,
 And give resounding grace to all Heaven's harmonies.

S O N G L X I X .

In the same.

Sung by Mrs. Pinto, Miss Poitier, and Mr. Beard.

Set by Dr. Arne.

L IVE, and love, enjoy the fair ;
 Banish sorrow, banish care ;
 Mind not what old dotards say ;
 Age has had his share of play ;
 But love's sports begin to-day.
 From the fruits of sweet delight,
 Let no scare-crow virtue fright.
 Here in pleasures vineyards we
 Rove like birds, from tree to tree ;
 Careless, airy, gay, and free.

S O N G L X X .

In the same.

Sung by Mr. Mattocks.

C OME come, bid adieu to fear,
 Love and harmony live here ;
 No domestic jealous jars,
 Buzzing slanders, words and wars,

In

In my prefence will appear;
 Love and harmony reign here;
 Sighs to am'rous sighs returning,
 Pulses beating, bosoms burning:
 Bosoms with warm wishes panting,
 Words to speak those wishes wanting
 Are the only tumults here,
 All the woes you need to fear;
 Love and harmony reign here.

SONG LXXI.

NOR on beds of fading flow'rs,
 Shedding soon their gaudy pride;
 Nor with swains in syren bow'rs,
 Will true pleasure long reside.
 On awful pleasure's hill sublime,
 Enthroned sits th' immortal fair;
 Who wins her height must patient climb:
 The steps are peril, toil, and care:
 So from the first did Jove ordain,
 Eternal bliss for transient pain.

SONG LXXII.

Set by Dr. Arne.

SURE Sally is the loveliest lass,
 that e'er gave shepherd glee;
 Not May-day in its morning dress,
 Is half so fair as she:

Let poet's paint their Paphian queen,
And fancy'd forms adore;
Ye bards! had you my Sally seen,
You'd think on those no more.

No more you'd prate of Hybla's hills,
Where bees their honey sip;
Did you but know the sweets that dwell,
On Sally's love-taught lip:
But oh! take heed ye tuneful swains!
The bright temptation shun:
Or else like me, you'll wear her chains,
Like me you'll be undone!

Once in my cot secure I slept,
And lark-like hail'd the morn;
More sportive than the kid I kept,
I wanton'd o'er the lawn:
To ev'ry maid love-tales I told,
And did my truth aver;
Yet e're the parting kiss was cold,
I laugh'd at love and her.

But now the gloomy grove I seek,
Where love-lorn shepherd's stray;
There to the winds my griefs I speak,
And sigh my soul away;
Nought but despair my fancy paints,
No dawn of hope I see;
But Sa ly's pleas'd at my complaints,
And laughs at love and me.

Since these my poor neglected lambs,
So late my only care;
Have lost their tender fleecy dams,
And stray'd I know not where:

Alas!

Alas! my ewes! in vain you bleat,
 My lambkins lost; adieu!
 No more we on the plain shall meet,
 You've lost your shepherd too.

S O N G LXXIII.

THE YELLOW HAIR'D LADDIE.

IN April, when primroses paint the sweet plain,
 And summer approaching rejoiceth the swain;
 The yellow-hair'd laddie would often times go,
 To wild and deep glins, where the hawthorn trees
 grow.

There under the shade of an old sacred thorn,
 With freedom he sung his loves evening and morn;
 He sang with so soft and enchanting a sound,
 That sylvens and fairies, unseen, danc'd around.

The shepherd thus sang; tho' young *Molly* be fair,
 Her beauty is dash'd with a proud, scornful air;
 But *Susie* was handsome, and sweetly could sing,
 Her breath like the breezes, perfum'd in the spring.

That *Molly*, in all the gay bloom of her youth,
 Like the moon was inconstant, and never spoke truth;
 But *Susie* was faithful, good-humour'd and free,
 And fair as the goddess that sprung from the sea.

That mamma's fine daughter with all her great dow'r,
 Was awkwardly airy, and frequently sour;
 Then sighing, he wished, would parents agree,
 The witty, sweet *Susie*, his mistress might be.

S O N G LXXIV.

THROUGH THE WOOD LADDIE.

Sung by Mrs. Arne, at Vauxhall.

Set by Mr. Michael Arne.

O SANDY, why leav'st thou thy Nelly to mourn,
 Thy presence could ease me,
 When naithing can please me!
 Now dowie I sigh on the banks of the bourn,
 Or through the wood laddie, until thou return.

Tho' woods now are bonny and mornings are clear,
 While I'av' rocks are singing,
 And primroses springing,
 Yet nane of them pleases mine eye or mine ear,
 When through the wood, laddie, ye dinna appear.

That I am forsaken some spare not to tell,
 I'm fash'd wi' their scorning,
 Baith ev'ning and morning,
 Their jeering goes aft to my heart wi' a knell,
 When through the wood, laddie, I wander mysel.

Then stay my dear Sandy no longer away,
 But quick as an arrow,
 Haste hence to thy marrow,
 Who's living in languor till that happy day,
 When through the wood, laddie, we'll dance, sing and
 play.

SONG LXXV.

Sung in the REPRISAL.

FROM the man whom I love, tho' my heart I disguise,
I will freely describe the wretch I despise;
And if he has sense but to balance a straw,
He will sure take a hint from the picture I draw.

A wit without sense, without fancy a beau,
Like a parrot he chatters, and struts like a crow;
A peacock in pride, in grimace a baboon;
In courage a hind, in conceit a gascoon.

As a vulture rapacious, in falsehood a fox,
Inconstant as waves, and unfeeling as rocks;
As a tyger ferocious, perverse as a hog,
In mischief an ape, and in fawning a dog.

In a word, to sum up all his talents together,
His heart is of lead, and his brains are of feather;
Yet if he has sense but to balance a straw,
He will sure take a hint from the picture I draw.

SONG LXXVI.

LOVE and AFFECTION.

Sung by Mr. Vernon, at Vauxhall.

Set by Mr. Yeates.

WHEN youth mature to manhood grew,
Soon beauty touch'd my heart;
From vein to vein love's light'ning flew,
With pleasing, painful smart:

My

My bosom dear content forlook,
 And sooth'd the soft dejection;
 The melting eye, the speaking look,
 Prov'd love and sweet affection.

Unus'd to arts which win the fair,
 What could a shepherd do;
 And to submit to sad despair,
 Was not the way to wooe ::
 At length I told the lovely maid;
 I hop'd she'd no objection;
 To talk (while round her lambkins play'd,)
 Of love and sweet affection.

A blush my Chloe's cheek bedeck'd,
 A blush devoid of guile;
 " And what from me, can you expect :"
 She answer'd with a smile;
 " How many nymphs have been betray'd,
 " Through want of calm reflection;
 " Then don't my peace of mind invade,
 " With love and sweet affection."

Dear maid, I cry'd, mistrust me not,
 In wedlock's bands let's join;
 My kids, my kine, my herd, my cot,
 My soul itself is thine:
 To church I led the charming fair,
 To Hymen's kind protection;
 And now life's dearest joys we share,
 With love and sweet affection.

S O N G LXXVII.

Sung by Miss Dawson, at the Grotto Gardens.

Set by Mr. Bates.

MY father and mother forever they chide,
 Because I young *Colin* approve,
 Tho' witty and manly, they can't him abide,
 But I'm alone guided by love.
 My father, I warrant, when at *Colin's* age,
 No doubt, but pursu'd the same plan ;
 My mother, 'tis certain, took care to engage,
 At once to make sure of her man.

And why should not I the maxim pursue,
 I wonder she angry should be,
 When I in my turn, the same thing but do,
 As she has long done before me.
 I candidly own, when e'er the youth's by
 I've all I can wish in my view ;
 Nor will I, like other coy maids, pish and fye,
 The duce shall take me if I do.

Cool streams to the heart, nor flow'rs to the bee,
 Such pleasure they each cannot gain,
 As *Colin's* lov'd presence is always to me,
 For sure he's the pride of the plain.
 And though he should show all the arts of his sex,
 Or faithless as others, might prove,
 It would not my mind by half so perplex,
 But knowing none else worth my love.

That

That thought I will banish, lay fifty to ten,
 The licence he soon will procure ;
 Perhaps you will say well, and prithee what then,
 I wed him, my dears, to be sure.

S O N G LXXVIII.

Sung by Miss Dawson, at the Grotto Gardens.

Set by Mr. Bates.

MY mother oft chides me, and tells me, my dear
 I beg to men's tales you will never give ear ;
 They're subtle as foxes, their ends to obtain ;
 Be careful, my child, how you listen to men.
 Lord love her dear heart, to be sure it was kind,
 I did my endeavours her precepts to mind ;
 And to hear her advice oft gravely have sat,
 Tho' it signifies nothing, no matter for that.

Yet still she kept teasing and plaguing me so,
 And begging 'mongst men I'd not venture to go ;
 I gave my consent her opinion to win,
 But what are love promises ? Not worth a pin.
 It chanced that one day, both my mamma and me,
 Were ask'd to a friend's, both to dine and drink tea,
 There with a young fellow I fell into chat,
 Indeed he was handsome, no matter for that.

No sooner got home, how my mother did rave,
 And read me such instances, moral and grave,
 Of men's many perjuries, adding, she thought
 I let my eyes wander much more than I ought

And

And argued, I thought, on the point somewhat hot,
 But dry morals preaching, it signifies not.
 I love the sweet fellow, I'll have him, that's flat,
 Mamma, she may preach, but no matter for that.

SONG LXXIX.

The GOLDFINCH to CHLOE.

RECITATIVE.

TO *Handel's* pleasing notes as *Chloe* sung
 The charms of heavenly liberty :
 A gentle bird, till then with bondage pleas'd,
 With ardour panted to be free,
 His prison broke, he seeks the distant plain,
 Yet e're he flies, tunes forth this parting strain.

AIR.

Whilst to the distant vale I wing,
 Nor wait the slow return of spring,
 Rather in leafless groves to dwell,
 Than in my *Chloe's* warmer cell ;
 Forgive me, mistress, since by thee
 I first was taught *sweet liberty*.
 Soon as the welcome spring shall chear,
 With genial warmth, the drooping year,
 I'll tell, upon the topmost spray,
 Thy sweeter notes improv'd my lay,
 And in my prison learn'd from thee
 To warble forth *sweet liberty*.
 Waste not on me a useless care,
 That kind concern let *Strepson* share,

Slight

Slight are my sorrows, slight my ills,
To those which thy poor captive feels;
Who kept in hopeless bonds by thee,
Yet strives not for *his liberty*.

S O N G LXXX.

A favourite RONDEAU.

Sung by Mrs. Weichsel, at Vauxhall.

Set by Signor Giordina.

F LATT'RING hopes the mind deceiving,
Easy faith too often cheat;
Woman fond, and all-believing,
Loves and drags the dear deceit.

Empty show of pomp and riches,
Cupid's trick to catch the fair;
Lovely maids too oft bewitches.
Flattery is the beauty's snare.
Flatt'ring hopes the mind, &c.

S O N G LXXXI.

A S K me not how calmly I
All the cares of life defy;
How I baffle human woes;
Woman, woman, woman knows.

You may live and laugh, as I;
You like me may cares defy;
All the pangs that heart endures:
Woman, woman, woman cures.

Ask me not of empty toys,
Feats of arms and drunken joys ;
I have pleasure more divine,
Woman, woman, woman's mine.

Raptures more than folly know,
More than fortune can bestow ;
Flowing bowls and conquer'd fields,
Woman, woman, woman yields.

Ask me not of woman's arts,
Broken vows and faithless hearts ;
Tell the wretch, who pines and grieves
Woman, woman, woman lives.

All delights the heart can know,
More than folly can bestow ;
Wealth of worlds and crowns of kings,
Woman, woman, woman brings.

S O N G LXXXII.

Set by Dr. Boyce.

WHEN the nymphs were contending for beauty
and fame

Bright *Sylvia* stood foremost in right of her claim,
And to crown the high transports dear conquest excites,
At court she was envy'd, and toasted at White's.
At court she was envy'd, and toasted at White's.

But how shall I whisper this fair one's sad case,
A cruel disease has destroy'd her sweet face ;
Her vermillion is chang'd to a dull settled red,
And all the gay graces of beauty are fled.
And all, &c.

Take

Take heed all ye fair, lest you triumph in vain ;
For *Sylva*, though alter'd from pretty to plain,
Is now more engaging since reason took place,
Than when she possess the perfections of face.

Convinc'd she no more can coquette it and teaze,
Instead of tormenting, she studies to please ;
Makes truth and discretion the guide of her life ;
Tho' spoil'd for a toast, she's well form'd for a wife.
Tho' spoil'd for a toast, &c.

S O N G LXXXIII.

A CANTATA. *Written by Sir Richard Steele.*

Set by Dr. Arne.

Sung at Ranelagh.

RECITATIVE.

A Wretch long tortur'd with disdain,
That ever pin'd, but pin'd in vain,
At length the god of wine address,
Sare refuge of a wounded breast.

A I R.

Vouchsafe, O pow'r, thy healing aid,
Teach me to gain the cruel maid ;
Thy juices take the lover's part,
Flush his wan looks and chear his heart.

RECITATIVE.

To *Bacchus* thus the lover cry'd,
And thus the jolly god reply'd.

Give

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A I R.

Give whining o'er, be brisk and gay,
And quaff his sneaking form away,
With dauntless mein approach the fair,
The way to conquer is to dare.

RECITATIVE.

The swain pursu'd the god's advice,
The nymph was now no longer nice.

A I R.

She smil'd, and spoke the sex's mind ;
When you grow daring we grow kind.
Men to themselves are most severe,
And make us tyrants by their fear.

S O N G LXXXIV.

DAMON and SYLVIA. *A Dialogue.*

Set by Dr. Arne.

H E.

DEAR *Sylvia*, no longer my passion despise,
Nor arm thus with terror those beautiful eyes ;
Nor arm thus, &c.
They become not disdain, but most charming would
 prove,
If once they were softened with smiles and with love.

S H R

S H E.

While I with a smile can each shepherd subdue,
 O *Damon*, I must not be soften'd by you,
 O *Damon*, &c.

H E.

Tho' pow'r, my dear, be to deities giv'n,
 Yet generous pity's the darling of heav'n;
 Yet generous, &c.
 Oh then be that pity extended to me,
 I'll kneel and acknowledge no goddess but thee.
 I'll kneel, &c.

S H E.

Suppose to your suit I should listen awhile,
 And only for pity's sake grant you a smile.
 And only, &c.

H E.

Nay, stop not at that, but your kindness improve,
 And let gentle pity be ripened to love,
 And let, &c.

S H E.

Well then, faithful swain, I'll examine my heart,
 And, if it be possible, grant you a part.
 And if, &c.

H E.

Now that's like yourself, like an angel express'd,
 For grant me but part, and I'll soon treat the rest.
 For grant, &c.

BOTH

Take heed ye fair maids, and with caution believe,
 For love's an intruder, and apt to deceive.
 For love's an intruder, and apt to deceive.
 When once the least part the sly urchin has gain'd
 You'll ne'er be at ease till the whole is obtain'd.

S O N G LXXXV.

Set to Music by A. Fisher.

Sung by Miss Cowper, at Vauxhall.

THE lowland lads think they are fine,
 But O they're vain, and idly gaudy;
 How much unlike the graceful mein,
 And manly looks of my highland laddie.

O my bonney highland laddie,
 My handsome charming highland laddie;
 May heaven still guard and love reward
 The lowland lass and her highland laddie.

If I were free at will to chuse,
 To be the wealthiest lowland lady,
 I'd take young *Donald* in his trews,
 With bonnet blue and belted pladie.

O my bonny, &c.

No greater joy I'll e'er pretend
 Than that his love prove true and steady,
 Like mine to him, which ne'er shall end,
 While heaven preserves my highland laddie.

O my bonney, &c.

SONG LXXXVI.

The LITTLE COQUETTE.*Sung by Miss Jameson, at Vauxhall.*

THO' still so young, and scarce fifteen,
 Yet sweethearts I have plenty,
 And if more forward I had been,
 E're this they had been twenty.
 Like buzzing flies, or wasps with stings,
 In swarms they hover round me;
 I brush away those humming things;
 They have no power to wound me.

I surely am not much to blame
 To sport with one and t'other,
 My lovers raise no red'ning shame,
 'Tis playing with one's brother.
 I like to hear what each can say,
 To see what they'd be doing,
 And when they think me most their prey,
 I'm farthest off my ruin.

What though in crowds I pass the day,
 And all my joy is teasing;
 To one alone I'd not be gay,
 Lest one should be too pleasing:
 They fondly flutter here and there,
 And take each idle station;
 They only catch my eye and ear,
 But raise no palpatation.

Then

Then welcome Harry, Tom and Phill,
 Your numbers wont alarm me,
 For trust me I'm in safety still,
 'Tis only one can harm me.
 Then to this jolly nymph be kind,
 Coquetting's but a season ;
 When older grown, to one resign'd,
 I'll yield to love and reason.

S O N G LXXXVII.

WHEN *Flora* decks the mantling bow'rs
 In elegant array,
 And scatters all her op'ning flowers
 To compliment the May.

With glowing joy my bosom beats,
 I gaze delighted round,
 And wish to see the various sweets
 In one rich nosegay bound.

'Tis granted, and their bloom decay'd,
 To bless my wandering view,
 I see them all, my beauteous maid,
 I see them all in you.

S O N G LXXXVIII.

The WINTER of LIFE. A Pastoral Song.

IN spring, my dear shepherds, your gardens are
 gay,
 They breathe all their sweets in the sunshine of May,
 Their flow'rest will droop when December draws near,
 The winter of-life is like that of the year.

The lark and the linnets, that chant o'er the plains,
 All, all are in love while the summer remains;
 Their sweethearts in autumn no longer are dear,
 The winter of life is like that of the year.

The season for love is when youth's in its prime;
 Ye lads and ye lasses make use of your time;
 The frost of old age will too quickly appear;
 The winter of life is like that of the year.

SONG LXXXIX.

LET the nymph still avoid and be deaf to the
 swain,
 Who in transports of passion affects to complain,
 For his rage, not his love, in his phrenzy is shown,
 And the blast that blows loudest is soon over-blown.

But the shepherd, whom *Cupid* has peirc'd to the heart,
 Will submissive adore, and rejoice in thy smart,
 Or in plaintive soft murmurs, his bosom-felt woe
 Like the smooth gliding current of river will flow.

Tho' silent his tongue, he will plead with his eyes,
 And his heart own your sway in a tribute of sighs,
 But when he accosts you in meadow or grove,
 His tale is so tender, he cooes like a dove.

SONG. XC.

Set to Music by A. Fisher.

Sung by Miss Cowper.

IN vain I seek to calm, to rest,
The heart that flutters in my breast;
I feel my soul with fears oppress,
Yet know not whence they flow:
How anxious is the lover's fate,
Ten thousand doubts perplex his state,
Fond hopes of future bliss create,
But certain present woe.

SONG XCI.

Sung at Ranelagh.

Set by Mr. Berg.

ONE Midsummer's morning, when nature look'd
gay,
The birds full of song, and the flocks full of play,
When each seem'd to answer the smiles from above,
And all things proclaim'd it the season of love;
My mother cried Nancy, come haste to the mill,
If the corn be not ground, you may scold if you will.

The freedom to use my tongue pleas'd me no doubt,
A woman, alas! would be nothing without.

I went to the mill without any delay,
 And conn'd o'er the words I determin'd to say;
 But when I came near it I found it stock still,
 Bless my stars now, cry'd I, huff them rarely I will.

The miller to market that instant was gone,
 The work it was left to the care of his son;
 Now, though I can scold well as any one can,
 I thought 'twould be wrong to scold the young man,
 I said, I'm surpriz'd you can use me so ill,
 I must have my corn ground, I must and I will.

Sweet maid, cry'd the youth, the fault is not mine,
 No corn in the town I'd grind sooner than thine;
 There's no one more ready in pleasing the fair,
 The mill shall go merrily round I declare,
 But hark how the birds sing, and see how they bill,
 I must have a kiss first, I must and I will.

My corn being done, I tow'rd home bent my way,
 He whisper'd he'd something of moment to say;
 Insisted to hand me along the green mead,
 And there swore he lov'd me, indeed and indeed;
 And that he'd be constant and true to me still,
 And since that time I've lik'd him, and like him I will.

I often say mother, the miller I'll huff,
 She laughs and cries go, girl, ay, plague him enough;
 And scarce a day passes, but by her desire,
 I get a sly kiss from the youth I admire.
 If wedlock he-wishes, his wish I'll fulfill,
 And I'll answer, O yes, with a hearty good will.

S O N G XCII.

Set by Dr. Arne.

The Words taken from Waller.

GO lovely rose, tell her that wastes her time, and
me,
That now she knows when I resemble her to thee,
How sweet and fair she seems to be.

Tell her that's young and shuns to have her graces
spy'd,
That hadst thou sprung in desarts, where no men abide,
Thou must have uncommended dy'd.

Small is the worth of beauty from the light retir'd,
Bid her come forth, suffer herself to be desir'd,
And not blush so to be admir'd.

Then die, that she the common fate of all things rare,
May read in thee how small a part of time they share,
That art so wond'rous sweet and fair.

S O N G XCIII.

Set by Mr. Dibdin.

ONE summer's eve, as Nancy fair
sat spinning in the shade,
While soaring sky-larks shook the air
In warbling o'er her head.

In tender cooes the pigeons woo'd,
 (Love's impulse all must feel)
 She sung, but still her work pursu'd,
 And turn'd her spinning wheel.

" While thus I work with rock and reel
 " So life by time is spun ;
 " And as runs round my spinning wheel
 " The world turns up and down.

" Some rich to-day, to-morrow low,
 " While I no changes feel,
 " But get my bread by sweat of brow,
 " And turn my spinning-wheel.

" From me let men and women too,
 " This home-spun lesson learn,
 " Not mind what other people do,
 " But eat the bread they earn.

" If none were fed, were that to be,
 " But what deserv'd a meal,
 " Some ladies then, as well as me,
 " Must turn the spinning-wheel."

The rural toast, with sweetest tone,
 Thus sung her witless strain,
 When o'er the lawn limp'd gammer Joan,
 And brought home *Nancy's* swain.

Come, cries the dame, "*Nancy* here's thy spouse,
 " Away throw rock and reel :"
 Blithe *Nancy*, at the bonny news,
 O'er set her spinning-wheel.

S O N G XCIV.

Set by Dr. Arne.

COME *Rosalind*, Oh ! come and see
 What pleasures are in store for thee ;
 The flow'rs in all their sweets appear,
 The fields their gay'lt beauties wear.
 The fields their gay'lt beauties wear.

The joyful birds, in ev'ry grove,
 Now warble out their songs of love ;
 Now warble out their songs of love ;
 For thee they sing, and roses bloom,
 And Colin thee invites to come.
 And Colin thee invites to come.

Come *Rosalind* and *Colin* join,
 My tender flocks and all are thine ;
 If love, and *Rosalind* be near,
 'Tis May and pleasure all the year ;
 'Tis May and pleasure all the year.

Come, see a cottage and a swain !
 Can'st thou my love or gifts disdain !
 Leave all behind, no longer stay,
 For *Colin* calls, then haste away ;
 For *Colin* calls, then haste away.

S O N G XCV.

Sung by Mrs. Weichsel.

Set by Mr. Potter.

WHY, *Colin*, must your *Laura* mourn,
Or longer wait your wish'd return :
O quickly come, and bring with thee
Glad joy to all, but love to me.

No more the tenants of the grove
In concert tune their tales of love ;
And nature ceases to be gay
When e'er my shepherd keeps away.

No longer fly the peaceful shade,
But haste to meet your constant maid :
O quickly come, and bring with thee
Glad joy to all, but love to me.

S O N G XCVI.

Sung at Ranelagh.

ALEXIS, a shepherd, young, constant and kind,
Has often declar'd I'm the nymph to his mind :
I think he's sincere, and he will not deceive,
But they tell me a maid should with caution believe.

He

He brought me this rose that you see in my breast,
 He begg'd me to take it, and sigh'd out the rest;
 I could not do less than the favour receive,
 And he thinks it now sweeter I really believe.

This flow'ret, he cry'd, reads a lesson to you,
 How bright, and how lovely, it seems to the view;
 'Twould fade, if not pluck'd, as your sense must conceive,
 I was forc'd to deny what I really believe.

My flocks he attends, if they stray from the plain,
 Alexis is sure ev'ry sheep to regain;
 Then begs, a dear kiss for his labour I'll give;
 And I ne'er shall refuse him, I really believe.

He plays on his pipe while he watches my eyes,
 To read the soft wishes we're taught to disguise;
 And tells me sweet stories from morning to eve:
 Then he swears that he loves, which I really believe.

An old maid I once was determin'd to die;
 But that was before I'd this swain in my eye;
 And as soon as he asks me his pain to relieve,
 With joy I shall wed him, I really believe.

SONG XCVII.

LABOUR IN VAIN.

IN pursuit of some lambs from my flocks that had
 stray'd.
 One morning I rang'd o'er the plain;
 But, alas! after all my researches were made,
 I perceiv'd that my labour was vain.

At length growing hopeless my lambs to restore,
 I resolv'd to return back again;
 It was useless, I thought, to seek after them more,
 Since I found that my labour was vain.

On this my return, pretty Phœbe I saw,
 And love her I could not refrain;
 To solicit a kiss, I approach'd her with awe,
 But she told me my labour was vain.

But Phœbe I cry'd, to my suit lend an ear,
 And let me no longer complain;
 She reply'd, with a frown, and an aspect severe,
 Young Colin, your labour's in vain.

Then I eagerly clasp'd her quite close to my breast,
 And kiss'd her and kiss'd her again;
 O Colin, she cry'd, if you're rude, I protest
 That your labour shall still be in vain.

At length, by entreaties, by kisses and vows,
 Compassion she took on my pain;
 She now has consented to make me her spouse,
 So no longer I labour in vain.

SONG XCVIII.

VALENTINE'S DAY.

Set by Dr. Arne.

WHEN blushes dy'd the cheek of morn,
 And dew drops glisten'd on the thorn;
 When skylarks tun'd their carrols sweet,
 To hail the God of light and heat:

Philander

Philander from his downy bed,
To fair Lisetta's chamber sped;
Crying—Awake, sweet love of mine,
I'm come to be thy Valentine.

Soft love that balmy sleep denies,
Had long unveil'd her brilliant eyes;
Which (that a kiss she might obtain)
She artfully had clos'd again:
He sunk thus caught in beauty's trap,
Like Phœbus into Thetis' lap;
And near forgot that his design,
Was but to be her Valentine.

She starting cry'd—I am undone;
Philander, charming youth, begone!
For this time, to your vow, sincere
Make virtue, not your love appear:
No sleep has clos'd these watchful eyes,
(Forgive the simple fond disguise)
To gen'rous thoughts your heart incline,
And be my faithful Valentine.

The brutal passion sudden fled,
Fair honour govern'd in its stead;
And both agreed, e're setting sun,
To join two virtuous hearts in one;
Their beauteous offspring soon did prove,
The sweet effects of mutual love:
And from that hour to life's decline,
She blest'd the day of Valentine.

S O N G X C I X .

T H E S H E P H E R D E S S .

Set by Dr. Arne.

I SEEK my shepherd, gone astray,
 He left our cot the other day;
 Tell me, ye gentle nymphs and swains,
 Pass'd the dear rebel through your plains;
 Oh! whither, whither must I roam,
 To find and charm the wand'rer home.

Sports he upon the shaven green,
 Or joys he in the mountain scene;
 Leads he his flocks along the mead,
 Or does he seek the cooler shade?
 Oh! teach a wretched nymph the way,
 To find her lover gone astray.

To paint, ye maids, my truant swain,
 A manly softness crowns his mien;
 Adonis was not half so fair,
 And when he talks, 'tis heaven to hear:
 But oh! the soothing poison shun,
 To listen is to be undone.

He'll swear no time shall quench his flame,
 To me the perjur'd swore the same:
 Too fondly loving to be wise,
 I gave my heart an easy prize;
 And when he tun'd his Syren voice,
 Listen'd, and was undone by choice.

But

But fated now he shuns the kiss,
He counted once his greatest bliss;
Whilst I with fiercer passions burn,
And pant and die for his return:
Oh! whither, whither shall I rove,
Again to find my straying love.

S O N G C.

Sung by Mrs. Weischel, at Vauxhall.

Set by Mr. Bach.

AH! why should love with tyrant sway,
Oppress each youthful heart;
Must all his rigid laws obey,
And feel his pointed dart.

On reason's aid in vain we call,
To break the slavish chain;
The potent God disdains it all,
And triumphs in our pain.

S O N G C I.

The INVITATION.

Sung by Mrs. Weischel.

Set by Mr. Bach.

COME, Colin, pride of rural swains,
O come and bless thy native plains;
The daisies spring, the beeches bud,
The songsters warble in the wood.

Come,

Come Colin haste, O haste away,
Your smiles will make the village gay;
When you return, the vernal breeze,
Will wake the buds and fan the trees.

Oh! come and see the violets spring,
The meadows laugh, the linnets sing;
Your eyes our joyless hearts can cheer,
O haste! and make us happy here.

S O N G CII.

Sung by Mr. Vernon, at Vauxhall.

Set by Mr. Hook.

Believe my sighs, my tears, my dear,
Believe the heart you've won;
Believe my vows to you sincere,
Or, Peggy, I'm undone.

You say I'm false, and apt to change
At ev'ry face that's new,
Of all the girls I ever saw,
I ne'er lov'd one but you.

My heart was like a lump of ice,
Till warm'd by your bright eye;
And then it kindled in a trice,
A flame that ne'er can die.

Then take and try me, you shall find
That I've a heart that's true;
Of all the girls I ever saw,
I ne'er lov'd one like you.

S O N G

SONG CHL.

A favourite song for two voices.

Set by Signior Galli.

WHEN first I saw the graceful maid,
 Ah! me, what meant my throbbing breast,
 Say soft confusion, art thou love!
 If love thou art, then farewell rest.

With gentle smiles assuage the pain,
 Those gentle smiles did first create;
 And though you may not love again,
 In pity, ah! forbear to hate.

SONG CIV.

L A Z Y J O H N N Y.

WHERE's my swain, so blyth and clever,
 Why d'ye leave me all in sorrow?
 Three whole days are gone for ever,
 Since you said you'd come to-morrow.
 If you lov'd but half as I do,
 You'd been here with looks so bonny;
 Love has flying wings, I well know,
 Not for ling'ring lazy Johnny.

What

What can he be now a doing;
 Is he with the lasses maying?
 He had better been here wooing,
 Than with others fondly playing:
 Tell me truly where he's roving,
 That I may no longer sorrow;
 If he's weary grown of loving,
 Let him tell me so to-morrow.

Does some fav'rite rival hide thee,
 Let her be the happy creature;
 I'll not plague myself to chide thee,
 Nor dispute with her a feature:
 But I can't, nor will not tarry,
 Nor will kill myself with sorrow;
 I may lose the time to marry,
 If I wait beyond to-morrow.

Think not shepherd, thus to brave me,
 If I'm yours, then stay no longer;
 If you wout another'll have me,
 I may cool, but not grow fonder:
 If your lovers, girls forsake ye,
 Whine not in despair and sorrow;
 Bless'd another lad may make ye,
 Stay for none beyond to-morrow.

S O N G C V.

The N U N.

SURE a lass in her bloom at the age of nineteen,
 Was ne'er so distress'd as of late I have been;
 I know not I vow, any harm I have done,
 But my mother oft tells me, she'll have me a nun.
 But my mother, &c.

Don't

Don't you think it a pity a girl such as I,
Should be sentenc'd to pray, and to fast, and to cry;
With ways so devout I'm not like to be won,
And my heart loves a frolic too well for a nun.
And my heart, &c.

To hear the men flatter, and promise, and swear,
Is a thousand times better, to me I declare;
I can keep myself chaste, nor by wiles be undone,
Nay besides I'm too handsome, I think for a nun.
Nay besides, &c.

Not to love, nor be lov'd, oh! I never can bear,
Nor yield to be sent to—one cannot tell where;
To live or to die in this case were all one,
Nay, I sooner would die than be reckon'd a nun.
Nay I sooner, &c.

Perhaps but to teaze me she threatens me so,
I'm sure were she me, she would stoutly say no;
But if she's in earnest, I from her will run,
And be marry'd in spite, that I mayn't be a nun.
And be marry'd, &c.

SONG CVI.

CHLOE'S KISSES.

DEAR Ch'oe, come give me sweet kisses,
For sweeter no girl ever gave;
But why in the midst of my blisses,
Do you ask me how many I'd have:
I am not to be stinted in pleasure,
Then prythee, dear Chloe, be kind;
For since I love thee beyond measure,
To numbers I'll ne'er be confin'd.

Count

Count the bees that on Hybla are playing,
 Count the flowers that enamel the fields;
 Count the flocks that on tempe are straying,
 Or the grain the rich Sicily yields:
 Count how many stars are in heaven,
 Go number the sands on the shore;
 And when so many kisses you've given,
 I still shall be asking for more.

To a heart full of love let me hold thee,
 A heart which dear Chloe is thine;
 In my arms I'd for ever infold thee,
 And twist round thy neck like a vine:
 What joy can be greater than this is;
 My life on thy lips shall be spent:
 But the wretch who can number his kisses,
 Will always with few be content.

SONG CVII.

The FEMALE PHAETON.

Written by Matthew Prior, Esq.

FAIR Kitty, beautiful and young,
 And wild as colt untam'd;
 Bespoke the fair from whom she sprung,
 With little rage inflam'd:
 Inflam'd with rage at sad restraint,
 Which wise mamma ordain'd;
 And sorely vex'd to play the saint,
 Whilst wit and beauty reign'd.

Must

Must Lady Jenny ~~fill~~ about,
 And visit with her cousins;
 At balls must she make all the rout,
 And bring home hearts by dozens:
 What has she better, pray than I;
 What hidden charms to boast?
 That all mankind for her should die,
 Whilst I am scarce a toast?

Dearest mamma, for once let me,
 Unchain'd my fortune try;
 I'll have my earl as well as she,
 Or know the reason why:
 Fondness prevail'd, mamma gave way,
 Kitty at heart's desire;
 Obtain'd the charriot for a day,
 And set the world on fire.



SONG CVIII.

A Celebrated Song.

Written by the Rev. Dr. De la Cour.

On seeing a Lady in an opposite Window.

WHILST on forbidden fruit I gaze,
 And look my heart away;
 Behold my star of Venus blaze,
 And rise upon the day:
 Fair as the purple blushing hours,
 That paint the morning eye;
 Or cheek of evening after show'rs,
 That flush the western sky.

I send

I send a sigh with ev'ry glance,
 And drop a softer tear;
 Hard fate, no farther to advance,
 And yet to be so near:
 So Moses from fair Pysga's height,
 The land of Canaan ey'd;
 Survey'd the region of delight,
 He saw, came down, and dy'd.

S O N G C I X.

A P A S T O R A L.

By Mr. Boyce.

HOW dear is my Phillis to me,
 Whose innocence equals the dove;
 As sweet as the rose to the bee?
 In presence the goddess of love:
 But what is a beautiful face,
 Tho' more than a Venus refin'd;
 Compar'd to the beauties which grace,
 The Pallas in Phillis's mind.

Whene'er my dear charmer appears,
 The swains gaze in raptures around;
 The sun with more brilliancy cheers,
 Fresh flow'rets be-dapple the ground:
 Gay Flora may spread her perfumes,
 And scent with her odours the air;
 Yet never a flow'ret that blooms,
 Is so sweet as the breath of my fair.

The warblers exult and rejoice
 As thro' the green vallies we stray,
 And mimic their notes from her voice,
 In melody sweeter than they :
 Ye shepherds, with envy not hear,
 Nor at my good fortune repine ;
 For *Phyllis* so charming, so dear,
 Has vow'd she'll for ever be mine.

S O N G C X.

On the A B S E N C E of M A Y.

By Mr. Cunningham.

Set to Music by Mr. Hudson.

THE rooks in the neighb'ring grove
 For shelter cry all the long day ;
 Their huts, in the branches above,
 Are cover'd no longer by May.
 The birds that so chearfully sung,
 Are silent, or plaintive each tone,
 And as they chirp low to their young,
 The want of their goddess bemoan.

No daisies on carpets of green,
 O'er nature's cold bosom are spread ;
 Not a sweet briar sprig can be seen
 To furnish fresh wreaths for my head ;
 Some flow'rs indeed may be found,
 But these neither blooming nor gay ;
 The fairest still sleep in the ground,
 And wait for the coming of *May*.

December

December perhaps has purloin'd
 Her rich, though fantastical geer,
 With envy the month's may have join'd,
 And jostled her out of the year.
 Some shepherds, 'tis true, may repine
 To see their lov'd gardens undrest,
 But I, while my *Phyllida's* mine,
 Shall always have *May* in my breast.

S O N G C X I.

The SPINNING WHEEL.

Set by Mr. Baildon.

Sung at Vauxhall.

YOUNG *Colin* fishing near the mill,
 Saw *Pally* underneath the hill,
 Whose heart love's tender pow'r could feel;
 Whose heart love's tender pow'r could feel.
 The mill was stopp'd, no miller there,
 She smil'd to see the youth appear;
 She smil'd to see the youth appear;
 But turn'd about her spinning-wheel,
 But turn'd about her spinning-wheel.

Thy cheeks, says he, like peaches bloom;
 Thy breath is like the spring's perfume;
 On thy sweet lips my love I'll seal.

On thy, &c.

Yon stately swan, so white and sleek,
 Are like to *Sally's* breast and neck:

Are like, &c.

But still she turn'd her spinning-wheel.

Tho'

Tho' fair one, beauty's transient pow'r
Fades like the new-blown gaudy flow'r,
Not so where virtue loves to dwell.

Not so, &c.

For where sweet modesty appears
We never see the vale of years,

We never, &c.

She smil'd and stopp'd her spinning-wheel.

She smil'd, &c.

The pomp of state, the pride of wealth,
Says she, I scorn or peace and health,
Where honest labour earns her meal;

Where honest, &c.

Who tells the flatt'rer's common tale
Can ne'er o'er my true heart prevail,

Can ne'er, &c.

And make me leave my spinning wheel.

And make, &c.

The swain who loves the virtuous mind,
Alone can make young Sally kind;
For him I'll toil, I'll spin and reel,
For him I'll toil, I'll spin and reel:
It is the voice, says he of love,
Come hasten to yon church above,
Come hasten to yon church above,
She blush'd and left her spinning weel,
She blush'd and left her spinning wheel.

SONG CXII.

By Mr. W. Hamilton.

Tune, The Yellow hair'd Laddie.

YE shepherds and nymphs that adorn the gay plain,
Approach from your sports, and attend to my
strain.

Amongst all your number, a lover so true
Was ne'er so undone with such bliss in his view.

Was ever a nymph so hard-hearted as mine?
She knows me sincere, and she sees how I pine;
She does not disdain me, nor frown in her wrath,
But calmly and mildly resigns me to death.

She calls me her friend, but her lover denies:
She smiles when I'm chearful, but hears not my sighs:
A bosom so flinty, so gentle an air,
Inspires me with hope, and yet bids me despair.

I fall at her feet, and implore her with tears;
Her answer confounds, while her manner endears;
When softly she tells me to hope no relief
My trembling lips bless her in spite of my grief.

By night while I slumber, still haunted with care,
I start up in anguish, and sigh for the fair:
The fair sleeps in peace, may she ever do so;
And only when dreaming imagine my woe.

Then

Then gaze at a distance, nor farther aspire,
 Nor think she should love when she cannot admire;
 Hush all thy complaining, and dying her slave,
 Commend her to heav'n and thyself to the grave.

S O N G CXIII.

F AIR *Iris* I love, and I hourly die,
 But not for a lip nor a languishing eye;
 She's fickle and false, and there we agree,
 For I am as false and as fickle as she;
 We neither believe what either can say,
 And neither believing, we neither betray.
 'Tis civil to hear, and to say things of course;
 We mean not the taking for better for worse.
 When present we love, and when absent agree,
 I think not of *Iris*, nor *Iris* of me;
 In the legend of love you no couple can find
 So easy to part, or so equally join'd.

S O N G CXIV.

H OW happy a state does the miller possess,
 Who would be no greater nor fears to be less;
 On his mill and himself he depends for support,
 Which is better than servilely cringing at court.

What tho' he all dusty, and whiten'd does go,
 The more he is powder'd, the more like a beau,
 A clown in his dress may be honester far
 Than a courtier who struts in his garter and star.

Tho' his hands are so daub'd they're not fit to be seen,
The hands of his betters are not very clean ;
A palm more polite may as dirtily deal,
Gold in handling will stick to the fingers like meal.

What then, if a pudding for dinner he lacks,
He cribs, without scruple, from other men's sacks ;
In this of right noble example he brags,
Who borrow as freely from other men's bags.

Or should he endeavour to heap an estate,
In this too he mimics the tools of the state,
Whose aim is alone their own coffers to fill,
As all his concerns to bring grist to his mill.

He eats when he's hungry, and drinks when he's dry,
And down when he's weary contented does lie ;
Then rises up chearful to work and to sing,
If so happy a miller, then who'd be a king !

S O N G CXV.

Sung by Mr. Lowe.

Set by Mr. Arne.



I Seek not at once in a female to find
The form of a *Venus* with *Pallas'* mind :
Let the fair one I love have but prudence in view,
That tho' she deceive I may still think her true ;
Be her person not beauteous, but pleasing and clean,
Let her temper be cloudless, and open her mein ;
By folly, ill-nature, nor vanity fed,
Nor indebted to paint, nor indebted to paint,
For white or for red—for white or for red.

May

May her tongue, that dread weapon in most of her
 Be employ'd to delight us, and not to perplex ;
 Let her not be too bold, nor frown at a jest,
 For prudes I despise, and coquettes I detest :
 May her humour the taste of the company hit,
 Not affectedly wise, nor too pert with her wit :
 Go find out the maid that is form'd on my plan,
 And I'll love her for ever—I'll love her for ever,
 —I mean, if I can—I mean, if I can,

S O N G CXVI.

The C O N S E N T.

The Words by Mr. Cunningham.

TIS the birth-day of *Phillis*, hark how the birds
 sing,

Their notes are remarkably sweet ;
 The villagers brought all the honours of spring,
 And scatter their pride at her feet.
 With ribbons and roses her lambkins are crown'd,
 A while they respectfully stand,
 Then o'er the green lawn with a frolic they bound,
 But first take a kiss from her hand.

'Mongst shepherds in all the gay round of the year,
 This—this is their principal day ;
 It gave *Phillis* birth—and pray what can appear
 More lovely, more pleasingly gay :
 Hark—hark ! how the tabor enliv'ns the scene,
 Ye lads with your lasses advance ;
 'Tis charming to sport on a daisy-dress'd green,
 And *Phillis* shall lead up the dance.

The sun—(and he shines in his brightest array
 As if on this festival proud)
 In order to give us a beautiful day
 Has banish'd each travelling cloud :
 The priest pass'd 'long, and my shepherdes sigh'd,
 Sweet *Phillis*!—I knew what she meant—
 We stole from the pastimes—I made her my bride,
 Her sigh was the sigh of content.

S O N G CXVII.

A I R. *Sung by Miss Cowper, at Vauxhall.*

Composed by Mr. Bach.

WOULD you a female heart inspire
 With tender passion, warm desire,
 Employ each soothing art :
 The god of love all force disdains,
 He only leads, in pleasing chains,
 The kind consenting heart.

S O N G CXVIII.

Set by Mr. Weldon.

LET ambition fire the mind,
 Thou wast born o'er men to reign,
 Not to follow flocks design'd,
 Scorn thy crook and leave the plain.

Crowns I'll throw beneath thy feet,
 Thou on necks of kings shall tread,
 Joys in circling joys shall meet ;
 Which way e'er thy fancy led.

Let

Let not toils of empire fright,
Toils of empire pleasures are,
Thou shalt only know delight,
All the joy but not the care.

Shepherd if thou'lt yield the prize
For the blessings I bestow;
Joyful I'll ascend the skies,
Happy thou shalt reign below.

S O N G CXIX.

Set by Mr. Bates.

I See it, *Myra*, know it well
That love has reach'd your heart,
For what your tongue denies to tell
Your willing eyes impart.
When *Damon* wrestles on the green,
Your looks your passion prove,
For in your eyes is plainly seen
The partial joy of love.

When *Suky* gave her lilly hand
To *Damon* of the vale,
Say could you then your fears command,
Did not your cheeks turn pale?
Cease then, dear maid, to tease the youth,
But plainly own your flame,
For love consists of honest truth,
And will itself proclaim.

SONG CXX.

A Favourite Song. Sung at Vauxhall.

THE gaudy tulip swells with pride,
And rears its beauties to the sun;
With heav'n-born tints of Iris bow:
While low the violet springs beside,
As in the shade it strives to shun;
The hand of some rapacious foe.

Of worth intrinsic, small the store,
That from the tulip can arise:
When parted from its glowing bed:
While hid, the vi'let charms the more,
Like incense in its native skies,
When cropt to grace the virgin's head.

Then think, ye fair ones, how these flowers,
Are wrought in nature's various robe;
Where pride declines, and merit thrives:
Your virgin dignity o'erpowers,
The heroes of the conquer'd globe;
But sweet compliance makes ye wives.

SONG CXXI.

TIS now the noon of gloomy night,
When awful silence reigns;
And Luna darts her borrow'd light,
Along the enamel'd plains.

In homely cots, the sleeping swains,
 Forget the toils of day;
 No longer sport in rustic gains,
 No lambkins skip and play.

But I, alas! a stranger grown,
 To comfort and repose;
 In vain to Phœbe make my moan,
 And tell my heart-felt woes.

In that cold tomb my lover lies,
 A youth so good and just;
 Where deaf to all my mournful cries,
 He moulders into dust.

S O N G CXXII.

Set by Dr. Arne.

JEALOUSY, begone, and leave me!
 From my bosom, ah! remove:
 While thou stay'st, thou dost but grieve me;
 Hence thou foe to sacred love.
 Whilst by thee the hearts directed,
 All things double faces wear;
 Chloe, in thy glass reflected,
 Seems as false as she is fair.

Harmless looks and slight expressions,
 Where love's eye no meaning reads;
 To some rival are confessions,
 Of a heart that for him bleeds:

Cruel spy! that ne'er discovers,
 What may ease the frantic mind;
 Hence! nor blast the bliss of lovers,
 Leave us happy, leave us blind.

SONG CXXIII.

WHEN once I with Phillida stray'd,
 Where rivers run murmuring by;
 And heard the soft vows that she made,
 What swain was so happy as I:
 My breast was a stranger to care,
 For my wealth by her kisses I told;
 I thought myself richer by far,
 Then he that had mountains of gold.

But now I am poor and undone,
 Her vows have prov'd empty and vain;
 The kisses I once thought my own,
 Are bestow'd on a happier swain:
 But cease gentle shepherd to deem,
 Her vows shall be constant and true;
 They're as false as a Midsummer dream,
 As fickle as Midsummer dew.

O Phillis, so fickle and fair,
 Why did you my love then approve:
 Had you frown'd on my suit thro' despair,
 I soon had forgotten to love:
 You smil'd, and your smiles were so sweet,
 You spoke, and your words were so kind;
 I could not suspect the deceit,
 But gave my loose sails to the wind.

When

When tempests the ocean-deform,
 And billows so mountainous roar;
 The pilot secur'd from the storm,
 Ne'er ventures his bark from the shore:
 As soon as soft breezes arise,
 And smiles the false face of the sea;
 His art he too credulous tries,
 And sailing is shipwreck'd like me.

S O N G CXXIV.

NO nymph that trips the verdant plains,
 With Sally can compare;
 She wins the hearts of all the swains,
 And rivals all the fair;
 The beams of sol delight and clear;
 While summer seasons roll;
 But Sally's smiles can all the year,
 Give summer to the soul.

When from the east the morning-ray,
 Illumes the world below;
 Her presence bids the god of day,
 With emulation glow:
 Fresh beauties deck the painted ground,
 Birds sweeter notes prepare;
 The playful lambkins skip around,
 And hail the sister fair.

The lark but strains his livid throat,
 To bid the maid rejoice;
 And mimicks while he swells his note,
 The sweetness of her voice:

The fanning zephyrs round her play,
While Flora's sheds perfume;
And ev'ry flow'ret seems to say,
I but for Sally bloom.

The am'rous youth her charms proclaim,
From morn to eve their tale;
Her beauty and unspotted fame,
Make vocal ev'ry vale:
The stream meand'ring thro' the mead,
Her eccho'd name conveys;
And ev'ry voice, and ev'ry reed,
Is tun'd to Sally's praise.

No more shall blythsome lads or swains,
To mirthfull wake resort;
Nor ev'ry May morn on the plain,
Advance in rural sport:
No more shall gush the purling rill,
And music wake the grove;
Nor flocks look snow-like on the hill,
When I forget to love.

SONG CXXV.

CYMON *and* IPHIGENIA. *A Cantata.*

Sung by Mr. Beard.

Set by Dr. Arne.

R E C I T A T I V E:

NEAR a thick grove, whose deep embow'ring
shade,
Seem'd most for love and contemplation made;
A crystal

A crystal stream with gentle murmur flows,
 Whose flow'ry banks are form'd for soft repose;
 Thither retir'd from Phœbus' sultry ray,
 And lull'd in sleep, fair Iphigenia lay.

Cymon, a clown, who never dreamt of love,
 By chance was stumbling to the neighb'ring grove;
 He trudg'd along, unknowing what he sought,
 And whistled as he went, for want of thought:
 But when he first beheld the sleeping maid,
 He gap'd—he star'd—her lovely form survey'd;
 And while with artless voice he sweetly sung,
 Beauty and nature thus inform'd his tongue:

A I R.

The stream that glides in murmurs by,
 Whose glassy bosom shews the sky,
 Completes the rural scene;
 Completes the rural scene:
 But in thy bosom, charming maid,
 All heav'n itself is sure display'd,
 Too lovely Iphigene;
 Too lovely Iphigene.

R E C I T A T I V E.

She wakes, and starts—poor Cymon trembling stands;
 Down falls the staff from his unnerved hands:
 Bright excellence, said he, dispel all fear;
 Where honour's present, sure no danger's near?
 Half-rais'd, with gentle accent, she replies;
 Oh Cymon! if 'tis you, I need not rise;
 Thy honest heart no wrong can entertain:
 Pursue thy way, and let me sleep again.
 The clown, transported, was not silent long,
 But thus with ecstacy pursu'd his song.

A I R.

A I R.

Thy jetty locks, that careless break,
In wanton ringlets, down thy neck;

Thy love inspiring mien:

Thy love inspiring mien.

Thy swelling bosom, skin of snow,

And taper shape, enchant me so,

I die for Iphigene;

I die for Iphigene.

R E C I T A T I V E.

Amaz'd, she listens, nor can trace from whence,

The former clod is thus inspir'd with sense:

He gazes—finds him comely, tall, and straight,

And thinks he might improve his awkward gait;

He bids him be secret, and next day attend,

At the same hour, to meet his faithful friend.

His mighty love could teach a clown to plead;

And nature's language surest will succeed.

A I R.

Love's a pure, a sacred fire,

Kindling gentle, chaste desire;

Love can rage itself controul,

And elevate, and elevate the human soul.

Depriv'd of that, our wretched state

Had made our lives of too long date;

But blest with beauty, and with love,

Blest with beauty, and with love;

We taste what angels do above;

We taste what angels do above.

S O N G

S O N G CXXVI.

A Dawn of hope my soul revives,
 And banishes despair;
 If yet my dearest Damon lives,
 Make him, ye gods, your care.

Dispel these gloomy shades of night,
 My tender grief remove;
 Oh! send some chearing ray of light,
 And guide me to my love.

Thus, in a secret friendly shade,
 The pensive Cælia mourn'd;
 While courteous echo lent her aid,
 And sigh for sigh return'd.

When, sudden, Damon's well-known face,
 Each rising fear disarms;
 He eager springs to her embrace,
 She sinks into his arms.

S O N G CXXVII.

WHEN summer comes, the swains on Tweed
 Sing their successful loves;
 Around the ewes and lambkins feed,
 And music fills the groves:

But

But my lov'd-song is then the broom,
 So fair on *Cowden Knows*;
 For sure so sweet, so fair a bloom,
 Elsewhere there never grows.

O the broom, &c.

There *Colin* tun'd his oaten reed,
 And won my yielding heart;
 No shepherd e'er that dwelt on *Tweed*,
 Could play with half such art:
 He sung of *Tay*, of *Forth*, and *Clyde*,
 The hills and dales all round,
 Of *Leader-baugh*s, and *Leader-side*,
 Oh! how I blest the sound.

O the broom, &c.

Yet more delightful is the broom,
 So fair on *Cowden Knows*;
 For sure so fresh, so bright a bloom,
 Elsewhere there never grows:
 Not *Tiviot* braes so green and gay,
 May with this broom compare;
 Nor *Yarrow* banks in flow'ry *May*,
 Nor bush a boon *Traquair*.

More pleasing far is *Cowden Knows*,
 My peaceful happy home;
 Where I was wont to milk my ewes,
 At eve among the broom:
 Ye pow'rs that haunt the woods and plains,
 Where *Tweed* and *Tiviot* flows;
 Convey me to the best of swains,
 And my lov'd *Cowden Knows*.

SONG

SONG CXXVIII.

Set by Mr. Baildon.

Sung at Vauxhall.

ON pleasures smooth wing how old time steals
away
E're love's fatal flame leads the shepherds astray,
My days, O ye swains, were a round of delight,
From the cool of the morn to the stillness of night;
No care found a place in my cottage or breast,
But health with content all the year was my guest.

'Twas then no fair *Phillis* my heart could ensnare
With voice or with feature, with dress or with air,
So kindly young *Cupid* had pointed the dart
That I gather'd the sweets, but I miss'd of the smart,
I toy'd for a while, then I rov'd like a bee,
But still all my song was—" I'll ever be free!"

'Twas then every object fresh raptures could yield,
If I stray'd through the garden or travers'd the field;
Ten thousand gay scenes were display'd to my sight,
If the nightingale sung I could listen all night;
With my reed I could pipe to the tune of the stream,
And wake to new life from a rapturous dream.

But now since for *Hebe* in secret I sigh,
Alas! what a change, and how wretched am I:
Adieu to the charms of the valley and glade,
Their sweets now all sicken, their colours all fade,
No music I find in soft *Philomel's* strain,
And the brook o'er the pebbles now murmurs in vain.

They

They say that she's kind, but no kindness I see,
 On others she smiles, but she frowns upon me ;
 Then teach me, bright *Venus*, persuasions soft art,
 Or aid me by reason to ransom my heart,
 To crown my desire, or to banish my pain,
 Give love to the nymph, or give ease to the swain.

S O N G CXXIX.

Sung by Miss Jameson, at Vauxhall.

Set by Mr. Worgan.

SINCE they trac'd me alone with a swain to the
 grove,
 Each tongue in the village proclaims I'm in love,
 With a laugh they point at us as passing along,
 And *Golin* and *Nell* are their jest and their song.

Suspicion long whisper'd it over the green,
 But scandal now tells what she never has seen,
 Wherever we wander yet faster she flies,
 What we do or we say, she reflects with her lies.

How we tripp'd all by moon-light to love-haunted
 bow'rs,
 How we toy and we kiss'd all the sweet gliding hours;
 All this, and yet more, if she will she may name,
 For we meet without crime and we part without shame.

I own that I love him, he's so to my mind,
 And wait with impatience till fortune's more kind,
 I still will love on till our fate's to be blest,
 And the talk may be louder, it shan't break our rest.

Let

Let malice her tongue and her eyes all employ,
 And envy do all to embitter our joy;
 The time that is coming shall soften the past,
 And crown the gay nymph with her *Colin* at last.

S O N G CXXX.

The SMILES UPON TWEED.

WHAT beauties does *Flora* disclose,
 How sweet are her smiles upon Tweed,
 Yet *Moggey's* still sweeter than those,
 Both nature and fancy exceed.
 Nor daisies, nor sweet-blushing rose,
 Nor all the gay flow'rs of the field,
 Nor Tweed gliding gently through those,
 Such beauty and pleasure does yield.

The warblers are heard in the grove,
 The linnet, the lark, and the thrush,
 The black-bird and sweet cooing dove
 With music inchant every bush;
 Come let us go forth to the mead,
 Let us see how the primroses spring,
 We'll lodge in some village on Tweed,
 And love while the feather'd folks sing.

How does my love pass the long day?
 Does *Moggey* not tend a few sheep?
 And do they never carelessly stray,
 While happily she lies asleep;
 Tweeds murmurs should lull her to rest,
 Kind nature indulging my bliss,
 To relieve the soft pains of my breast,
 While I steal an ambrosial kiss.

'Tis

'Tis she does the virgins excel,
 No beauty with her can compare,
 Love's graces all round her do dwell,
 She's fairest where thousands are fair :
 Say charmer where did thy flocks stray ?
 Oh ! tell me at noon where they feed,
 Shall I seek them in sweet winding Tay,
 Or the pleasanter banks of the Tweed.

S O N G CXXXI.

Sung by Mr. Hudson.

Set by Mr. Goodwin, jun.

O'ER moorlands and mountains, rude, barren and bare,
 As wilder'd and wearied I roam,
 A gentle young shepherdess sees my despair,
 And leads me o'er lawns to her home.
 Yellow sheaves from rich Ceres her cottage had crown'd,
 Green rushes were strew'd on the floor,
 Her casements sweet woodbines crept wantonly round,
 And deck'd the soft seats at her door.

We set ourselves down to a cooling repast,
 Fresh fruits ; and she cull'd me the best,
 Whilst thrown from my guard by some glances she cast
 Love slyly stole into my breast.
 I told her my wishes ; she sweetly replied,
 (Ye virgins her voice was divine)
 I have rich ones rejected, and great ones denied,
 Yet take me fond shepherd—I'm thine.

Her

Her air was so modest, her aspect so meek,
 So simple, yet sweet were her charms,
 I kiss'd the ripe roses that glow'd on her cheek,
 And took the lov'd maid in my arms:
 Now jocund together we tend a few sheep,
 And if on the bank by the stream,
 Reclind on her bosom I sunk into sleep,
 Her image still softens my dreams.

Together we range o'er the slow-rising hill,
 Delighted with pastoral views,
 Or rest on the rock where the streamlets distils,
 And mark out new themes for my muse:
 To pomp and proud titles she ne'er did aspire,
 The damsel's of humble descent,
 The cottager Peace is well known for her fire,
 And the shepherds has nam'd her *Content*.

S O N G CXXXII.

THE bird that hears her nestling cry,
 And flies abroad for food,
 Returns impatient through the sky
 To nurse her callow brood:
 The tender mother knows no joy,
 But bodes a thousand harms,
 And sickens for her darling boy,
 When absent from her arms.

Such fondness with impatience join'd
 My faithful bosom fires,
 Now forc'd to leave the fair behind,
 The queen of my desires:

The

The pow'rs of verse too languid prove,
 All families are vain
 To shew how ardently I love,
 Or to relieve my pain.

The saint with fervent zeal inspir'd,
 For heaven and joy divine;
 The saint is not with rapture fir'd,
 More pure more warm than mine:
 I take what liberty I dare,
 'Twere impious to say more;
 Convey my longings to the fair,
 The goddess I adore.

S O N G CXXXIII.

DEAREST Kitty, kind and fair,
 Tell me when and tell me where;
 Tell thy fond and faithful swain,
 When we thus shall meet again?
 When shall Strephon fondly see,
 Beauties only found in thee:
 Kiss thee, press thee, toy and play,
 All the happy live-long day.
 Dearest Kitty, kind and fair,
 Tell me when and tell me where.

All the happy day 'tis true,
 Bless'd but only when with you;
 Nightly Strephon sighs alone,
 Sighs, till Hymen makes us one:

Tell

Tell me then and ease my pain,
 Tell thy fond and faithful swain;
 When the priest shall kindly join,
 Kitty's trembling hand to mine.
 Dearest Kitty, kind and fair,
 Tell me when—I care not where.

SONG CXXXIV.

HAPPY hours, all hours excelling,
 When retir'd from crowd and noise;
 Happy is that silent dwelling,
 Fill'd with self-possessing Joys.

Happy's that contented creature,
 Who with fewest things is pleas'd;
 And consults the voice of nature,
 When of roving fancy eas'd.

Ev'ry passion wisely moving,
 Just as reason turns the scale;
 Ev'ry state of life improving,
 That no anxious thoughts prevail.

Happy man, who thus possesses,
 Life with some companion dear;
 Joy imparted still increases,
 Grievs when told soon disappear.

S O N G CXXXV.

Sung by Miss Stevenson, at Vauxha'

FORGIVE ye fair, nor take it wrong,
 If aught too much I do ;
 Permit me while I sing my song,
 To give a lesson too :
 Let modesty, that heaven-born maid,
 Your words and actions grace ;
 'Tis this, and only this can add,
 New lustre to your face.

'Tis this which paints the virgins cheeks,
 Beyond the power of art ;
 And ev'ry real blush bespeaks,
 The goodness of the heart ;
 This index of the virt'ous mind,
 Your lovers will adore ;
 This, this will leave a charm behind,
 When bloom can charm no more.

Inspir'd by this, to idle men
 With nice reserve behave ;
 And learn by distance to maintain,
 The power your beauty gave :
 For this when beauty must decay,
 Your empire will protect ;
 The wanton pleases for a day,
 But ne'er creates respect.

With

With this, their silly jest reprove,
 When coxcombs dare intrude;
 Nor think the man is worth your love,
 Who ventures to be rude;
 Your charms, when cheap, will ever pall,
 They sully with a touch;
 And tho' you mean to grant not all,
 You often grant too much.

But, patient let each virtuous fair,
 Expect the gen'rous youth;
 Whom heaven has doom'd her heart to share,
 And blest with love and truth:
 For him alone reserve her hand,
 And wait the happy day;
 When he with justice may command,
 And she with joy obey.

S O N G CXXXVI.

GUARDIAN angels now protect me,
 Send to me the swain I love;
 Cupid with thy bow direct me,
 Help me all ye powers above:
 Bear him my sighs ye gentle breeze,
 Tell him I love and I despair;
 Tell him for him I grieve,
 Say—'tis for him I live,
 O may the shepherd be sincere.

Thro' the shady groves I'll wander,
 Silent as the bird of night;
 Near the brink of yonder fountain,
 First Leander blest'd my sight:

Witness ye groves and falls of water,
 Echoes repeat the vows he swore;
 Can he forget me,
 Will he neglect me,
 Shall I never see him more.

Does he love and yet forsake me,
 To admire a nymph more fair;
 If 'tis so I'll wear the willow,
 And esteem the happy pair;
 Some lonely cave I'll make my dwelling,
 Ne'er more the cares of life pursue;
 The lark and Philomel,
 Only shall hear me tell,
 What makes me bid the world adieu.

SONG CXXXVII.

The COUNTRY WEDDING.

Sung at Ranelagh.

Set by Mr. Howard.

WELL met pretty nymph, says a jolly young
 swain,
 To a lovely young shepherdes crossing the plain;
 Why so much in haste? (now the month it was May)
 Shall I venture to ask you, fair maiden, which way?
 Then strait to this question the nymph did reply,
 With a smile on her look, and a leer on her eye,
 I came from the village, and homeward I go;
 And now, gentle shepherd, pray why would you know?

I hope

I hope, pretty maid, you won't take it amiss,
 If I tell you the reason of asking you this;
 I would see you safe home, (now the swain was in love)
 Of such a companion if you would approve.
 Your offer, kind shepherd, is civil, I own,
 But I see no great danger in going alone;
 Nor yet can I hinder, the road being free
 For one as another, for you as for me.

No danger in going alone, it is true,
 But yet a companion is pleasanter too;
 And if you could like (now the swain he took heart)
 Such a sweetheart as me, we never would part:
 Oh! that's a long word, said the shepherdess then;
 And I've often heard say, there's no minding you men:
 You'll say and un-say, and you'll flatter, 'tis true;
 Then leave a young maiden, the first thing you do.

Oh! judge not so harshly, the shepherd reply'd;
 To prove what I say, I will make you my bride:
 To-morrow the parson (well said, little swain)
 Shall join both our hands, and make one of us twain:
 Then what the nymph answer'd, to this is not said;
 The very next morn to be sure they were wed:
 Sing hey diddle, ho diddle, hey diddle down:
 Now when shall we see such a wedding in town.

S O N G CXXXVIII.

AT Totterdown-hill there dwelt an old pair,
 And it may be they dwell there still;
 Much riches indeed did not fall to their share,
 But they kept a small farm and a mill:

But fully content with what they did get,
 They knew not of guile nor of arts;
 One daughter they had, and her name it was Bett,
 And she was the pride of their hearts.

Nut brown were her locks, her shape it was straight,
 Her eyes were as black as a floe:
 Her teeth was milk white, full smart was her gait,
 And sleek was her skin as a doe:
 All thick were the clouds, and the rain it did pour,
 No bit of true blue could be spy'd;
 A child wet and cold came and knock'd at the door,
 Its mam' it had lost and it cry'd.

Young Bett was as mild as the mornings of May,
 The babe she hugg'd close to her breast;
 She chaf'd him all o'er, and he smiled as he lay,
 She kiss'd him and lull'd him to rest:
 But who do you think she had got for her prize,
 Why love that sly master of arts;
 No sooner he wak'd, but he drop'd his disguise,
 And shew'd her his wings and his darts.

Quoth he, I am love, but be not afraid,
 Tho' all I make shake at my will;
 So good and so kind you have been my fair maid,
 No harm you shall find from my skill:
 My mother ne'er dealt with such fondness by me,
 A friend you shall find in me still;
 Take my quiver and shoot, and be greater than she,
 The Venus of Totterdown-hill,

SONG CXXXIX.

Sung by Mr. Vernon.

Set by Mr. Arnold.

E'RE Phœbus shall peep on the fresh budding
 flow'r,
 Or blue-bells are robb'd of their dew ;
 Sleep on my Maria, while I deck the bow'r,
 To make it more worthy of you.

There roses and jef'mine each other shall greet,
 And mingle to copy your hue ;
 The lilly, to match with thy bosom so sweet,
 How faint its resemblance to you.

With the sweets of your breath, the hedge-violet shall
 vie,
 But weakly, and pay it its due ;
 The thorn shall be robb'd of the fleece for your eye,
 Yet nature paints nothing like you,

The leaves of the sensitive plant must declare,
 The truth of my well-belov'd she ;
 Whose branch if to touch it bold shepherds shall dare,
 Would shrink from all others but me.

S O N G CXL.

Sung by Mr. Vernon.

Set by Mr. Smith.

SONS of ease be blithe and gay,
Lull the cares of life away;
Fly to peaceful whispering groves,
To the graces and the loves.

But my soul disdains the joys,
Pants for deeds of deathless noise;
Love and wine would court my stay,
But glory calls and I obey.

Softer pleasures I disclaim,
Welcome honour, welcome fame;
Meaner objects I resign,
But be vast ambition mine.

S O N G CXLI.

WHERE shall Cælia fly for shelter,
In what secret grove or cave;
Sighs and sonnets sent to melt her,
From the young, the gay, the brave.

Tho' with prudish airs she starch her,
Still she longs, and still she burns;
Cupid shoots like Hymen's archer,
Wherefoe'er the damsel turns.

Virtue,

Virtue, youth, good sense, and beauty,
 If discretion guide us not;
 Sometimes are the ruffian's booty,
 Sometimes are the booby's lot.

Now they're purchas'd by the trader,
 Now commanded by the peer;
 Now some subtle mean invader,
 Wins the heart or gains the ear.

O discretion! thou'rt a jewel,
 Or our grand mamma's mistake;
 Stinting flame by bating fuel,
 Always careful and awake.

Would you keep your pearls from trampers,
 Weigh the licence, weigh the banns;
 Mark my song upon your samplers,
 Wear it on your knots and fans.

S O N G CXLII.

Set by Dr. Arne.

YOU fair possess'd of ev'ry charm,
 To captivate the will;
 Whose smiles can rage itself disarm,
 Whose frowns at once can kill.
 Say will you deign a verse to hear,
 Where flatt'ry bears no part;
 An honest verse that flows sincere.
 And candid from the heart.

Great is your power, but farther still,
 Mankind it might engage;
 If as ye all can make a net,
 Ye all could make a cage:
 Each nymph a thousand hearts may take,
 For who's to beauty blind?
 But to what end a pris'ner make,
 Unless we've strength to bind.

Attend the counsel often told,
 Too often told in vain;
 Learn that best art the heart to hold,
 And lock the lover's chain:
 Gamester's to little purpose win,
 Who lose again as fast;
 Tho' beauty makes the charms begin,
 'Tis sweetness makes them last.

S O N G CXLIII.

The words by Mr. Cunningham.

THE virgin when soften'd by May,
 Attends to the villagers vows;
 The birds fondly bill on the spray,
 And poplars embrace with their boughs:
 On Ida bright Venus may reign,
 Ador'd for her beauty above;
 We shepherds that dwell on the plain,
 Hail May as the mother of love.

From the west as it wantonly blows,
 Fond zephyrs caresses the vine;
 The bee steals a kiss from the rose,
 And willows and woodbines entwine:

The

The pinks by the rivulet's side,
That border the vernal alcove;
Bend downward, and kiss the soft tide,
For May is the mother of love.

May tinges the butterfly's wing,
He flutters in bridal array;
If the larks and the linnets now sing,
Their music is taught them by May.
The stock-dove recluse with her mate,
Conceals her fond bliss in the grove;
And murmuring seems to repeat,
That May is the mother of love.

The goddess will visit ye soon,
Ye virgins be sportive and gay;
Get your pipes, oh! ye shepherds in tune,
For music must welcome the May:
Would Damon have Phillis prove kind,
And all his keen anguish remove;
Let him tell her soft tales, and he'll find,
That May is the mother of love.

S O N G CXLIV.

Sung by Mr. Vernon.

Set by Mr. Arnold.

BREATHE soft ye winds, be calm ye skies,
Arise ye flow'ry race, arise,
Ye silver dews, ye vernal show'rs,
Call forth a blooming waste of flow'rs;
The fragrant rose, a beauteous guest,
Shall flourish in my fair one's breast,
Shall grace her hand or deck her hair,
The flow'r most sweet, the nymph most fair.

SONG CXLV.

Sung by Mr. Vernon.

Set by Mr. Handel.

AROUND the sun attending,
To her submissive bending,
Our yielding hearts confess her sway,
All her superior pow'r obey.

SONG CXLVI.

Sung by Mrs. Weichsel.

Set by Mr. Bach.

AH! Why should love with tyrants sway,
Oppress each youthful heart,
Must all his rigid laws obey,
And feel his pointed dart.

On reasons aid in vain we call,
To break the slavish chain,
The potent god disdains it all,
And triumphs in our pain.

SONG CXLVII.

Sung by Mrs. Arne.

VOWS of love should ever bind
Men who are to honour true,
They must have a savage mind
Who refuse the fair their due.

Scorn'd

Scorn'd and hated may they be,
 Who from constancy do swerve :
 So may ev'ry nymph agree
 All such faithless swains to serve.

S O N G. CXLVIII.

Sung by Mrs. Pinto.

The Words and Music by Dr. Arne.

NYMPHS and shepherds come away,
 Wanton in the sweets of May,
 Trip it o'er the flow'ry lawns,
 Wanton as the bounding fawns,
 Frolic, buxom, blythe and gay,
 Nymphs and shepherds come away.

S O N G. CXLIX.

Set by Dr. Boyce.

ON his face the vernal rose
 Blended with the lilly, glows ;
 His locks are as the raven black,
 In ringlets woven down his back.

His eyes with milder beauties beam
 Than billing doves beside the stream ;
 His youthful cheeks are beds of flow'rs,
 Enripen'd by refreshing show'rs.

His lips are of the rose's hue,
still dropping with a fragrant dew ;
Tall as the cedar he appears,
And as erect his form he bears.

S O N G C L.

Sung by Mrs. Smith, in the Wedding-Ring.

I Saw what seem'd a harmless child,
 With wings and bow,
 And aspect mild,
Who sobb'd, and sigh'd, and pin'd,
 And begg'd I would some boon bestow
 On a poor little boy stone blind.

Not aware of the danger too soon I comply'd,
For exulting he cry'd,
And drew from his quiver a dart ;
 My pow'r you soon shall know,
 Then levell'd his bow,
And wounded me right in the heart.

S O N G C L I.

In the Opera of the R O S E.

Set by Dr. Arne.

HEAR me, blooming goddess, hear me,
 Queen of smiles, and soft desire,
Send the beauty to endear me,
 Who has lit this amrous fire.

Oh

Oh how sweet the mild dominion
Of the charmer we approve,
Honour clips the wanton pinion,
And we're willing slaves to love.

S O N G C L I I.

From the same.

A H ! think not to deceive me
With flatt'ring oaths and lies,
'Tis all in vain, believe me,
For love has piercing eyes.

A trifling present given
Oft binds affection fast,
And grateful woman's driven
To give herself at last.

S O N G C L I I I.

From the same.

I F a kiss you would gain,
Am I bound to explain ?
Ah! could you not guess by my eyes,
When they without guile,
So twinkle and smile ?
A glance is enough to the wise.

S O N G

S O N G CLIV.

From the same.

THE noblest heart, like purest gold,
 Resists impression while 'tis cold,
 But melted down in love's bright flame;
 Soft complying to the zeal,
 It takes the image first impress,
 And bears it in the faithful breast,
 Through circling years the same.

S O N G CLV.

From the same.

BRIGHT the sky, and calm the ocean,
 Now my bark will sweetly glide,
 Oh! how pleasing is the motion,
 Sailing thus with wind and tide.

Hidden rocks no more beguiling,
 Swelling sails the breezes court,
 Cupid at the helm sits smiling,
 And conducts me safe to port.

S O N G CLVI.

Last Chorus in the same.

FAIR and sweet,
 Trim and neat,
 Springs the blushing rose in May;
 Summer's past,
 Autumn's blast,
 Shrinks it's beauteous leaves away.

But

But the mind,
Chaste refin'd,
Warm'd by virtue's cheering ray ;
Ever blows
That fresh rose,
Time itself can ne'er decay.

S O N G CLVII.

Sung by Mrs. Mattocks, in the Summer's Tale.

WHEN love at first approach is seen,
His dang'rous form he veils,
A playful infant's harmless mein
The playful god conceals.

When seen by us fond dupes carest,
He acts his trait'rous part,
And as we press him to the breast
He steals into the heart.

S O N G CLVIII.

Sung by the same, in the same.

WHILE on earth's soft lap descending,
Lightly falls the feather'd snow,
Nature awfully attending,
Each rude wind forbids to blow.

White and pure awhile appearing,
Earth her virgin mantle wears,
Soon the fickle season veering,
Her deluded bosom bears.

Thus

Thus my foolish heart believing,
Listen'd to his artful tongue ;
All his vows of love receiving,
On each flatt'ring accent hung.

Fondly, for a time, mistaken
Love and joy conceal'd my fate,
Now, Alas ! at length forsaken,
Sad experience comes too late.

S O N G CLIX.

By Mrs. Vincent, in Almena.

WOULD you taste of freedom's charms,
Zara courts you to her arms,
Distress, like thine, should pity move,
And pity's ray should kindle love.

For my heart adopts my woes,
Melting, thrilling as it glows,
Leave thy cell and follow me.
Love and Zara set thee free.

S O N G CLX.

From the SHEPHERD'S LOTTERY.

Set by Dr. Boyer.

TO dear Amaryllis young Strephon had long
Declar'd his fix'd passions, and dy'd for in song,
He went one May-morning to meet in a grove,
By her own dear appointment, this goddess of love,
Mean time in his mind all her charms he ran o'er,
And doated on each—Can a lover do more ?

He

He waited, and waited, then changing his strain,
 'Tis fury and rage, and despair and disdain !
 And the sun was commanded to hide his dull light,
 And the whole course of nature was alter'd down right,
 'Twas his hapless fortune to die and adore,
 But never to change;—Can a lover do more ?

Cleora, it chanc'd, was by accident there,
 No rose-bud so tempting, no lilly so fair ;
 He press'd her white hand, next her lips he assay'd,
 Nor would she deny him—so civil the maid ;
 Her kindly acceptance his peace did restore,
 And dear Amaryillis was thought on no more.

S O N G CLXL.

The MEN WILL ROMANCE

WHEN I enter'd my teens, and threw play-things
 aside,

I conceit'd myself woman and fit for a bride ;
 By the men I was flatter'd my pride to enhance,
 For the maids will believe, and the men will romance.

They swore that my eyes the bright di'mond excell'd.
 Such a face and such tresses sure ne'er were beheld ;
 That to gaze on my neck was all rapture and trance,
 Oh ! the maids will believe and the men will romance:

Young Pollydore saw me one night at a ball,
 And swore to my charms he a conquest must fall,
 On his knees he intreated my hand for a dance,
 Ah ! the maids will believe and the men will romance.

He

He conducted me home when the pastime was o'er,
 And declar'd he ne'er saw so much beauty before;
 He og'l'd and sigh'd as he saw me advance,
 Ah! the maids will believe and the men will romance.

Then day after day I his company had,
 At length he declar'd all his flame to my dad,
 But my father lov'd money, and would not advance,
 And reply'd to my lover, Young men will romance.

But though my papa would not give us a shilling,
 My Pollydore swore he to wed me was willing,
 So to church we both went, and at night had a dance,
 And believe me my Pollydore did not romance.

S O N G CLXII.

*Set by Mr. Michael Arne, and sung by Miss Wright
 at Ranelagh.*

YOUNG Molly who lives at the foot of the hill,
 And whose fame ev'ry virgin with envy doth fill,
 Of beauty is blest with so ample a share,
 That men call her the lass with the delicate air.

One ev'ning last May as I travers'd the grove
 In thoughtless retirement, not dreaming of love,
 I chanc'd to espy the gay nymph I declare,
 And really she had a most delicate air.

By a murmuring brook on a green mossy bed,
 A chaplet composing the fair one was laid,
 Surpriz'd, and transported, I could not forbear
 With rapture to gaze on her delicate air.

That

That moment young Cupid selected a dart,
 And pierc'd without pity my innocent heart,
 And from thence how to win the dear maid was my
 care,
 For a captive I fell to her delicate air.

When she saw me she blush'd and complain'd 'twas
 rude,
 And begg'd of all things that I would not intrude,
 I answer'd I could not tell how I come there,
 But I laid all the blame on her delicate air.

Said her heart was the prize which I sought to obtain,
 And hop'd she would grant it to ease my fond pain;
 She neither rejected nor granted my pray'r,
 But fir'd all my soul with her delicate air.

A thousand times since I've repeated my suit,
 But still the tormenter affects to be mute,
 Then tell me ye swains, who have conquer'd the fair,
 How to win the dear lass with her delicate air.

S O N G G L X I I I .

NATURE gave all creatures arms,
 Faithful guards from hostile arms;
 Jaws the lion brood defend,
 Horrid jaws that wide descend,
 Horns the bull's resistless force,
 Solid hoofs the vigorous horse,
 Nimble feet the fearful hare,
 Wings to fly the birds of air.

To the fox did wiles ordain,
 The craftiest of the Sylvian train,

Tusk

Tusks she gave the grunting swine,
 Quills the fretful porcupine :
 Fins to swim the wat'ry kind,
 Man the virtues of the mind ;
 Nature lavishing her store,
 What for woman had she more ?

Helpless woman to be fair,
 Beauty fell to woman's share ;
 Beauty, that nor wants or fears,
 Sword or flames, or shield, or spears ;
 Beauty stronger aid affords,
 Stronger far than shields or swords ;
 Stronger far than swords or shields,
 Man himself to beauty yields,

S O N G CLXIV.

ON ev'ry tree in ev'ry plain,
 I trace the jovial spring in vain ;
 A sickly languour veils mine eyes,
 And fast my waning vigour flies :
 Nor flow'ry plain, nor budding tree,
 That smiles on others, smiles on me ;
 Mine eyes from death shall court repose,
 Nor shed a tear before they close.

What bliss to me can seasons bring,
 Or what the needless pride of spring ;
 The cypress bough that suits the bier,
 Retains its verdure all the year :
 'Tis true, my vine so fresh and fair,
 Might claim awhile my wonted care ;
 My rural store some pleasure yield,
 So sweet a flock, so green a field.

S O N G

S O N G CLXV.

Sung by Mr. Vernon.

L OVELY maid! fair beauty's pride,
Do not thus my bliss deny;
Cease my tender love to chide,
Why so cruel, Daphne why?

Kindly to my wish incline,
Why will Daphne faithless prove?
Know my soul is wholly thine,
And my heart is form'd for love.

Why, thus slight a faithful swain,
Who to love was ever true;
Why thus give that bosom pain,
Which so long hath sigh'd for you.

S O N G CLXVI.

VENUS and DIANA. *A Cantata.*

Sung by Mrs. Smith. Set by Mr. Smith.

RECITATIVES ACCOMPANIED.

F AIR Venus left her blest abodes they say,
And to the woodlands once pursu'd her way;
There sought Diana, and in soothing strains,
She thus implor'd the queen of woodland plains.

AIR.

AIR.

The chace's joys I wish to know,
 Like Dian' to be drest;
 With thee, thro' toils O let me go:
 An huntress all confest:
 Take, take me in thy chearful train,
 Let Cupid share the day;
 I long to hunt o'er wood and plain,
 O'er hills and far away.

AIR.

Forbear to ask me, queen of love,
 (Diana quick-replies)
 Oh! hie thee, to thy Paphian grove,
 To taste of softer joys.

Our din would hurt thy tender ear,
 Thy feet are slow of pace;
 Our toils would fill thy heart with fear,
 Foregoe the fatal chace.

Keep, keep thee with thy sons away,
 Nor urge the suit in vain;
 No more my nymphs would own their sway,
 If love shon'd join my train.

S O N G CLXVII.

TH O' Chloe's out of fashion,
 Can blush and be sincere;
 I'll toast her in a bumper,
 If all the belles were here.

What

What tho' no di'monds sparkle,
 Around her neck and waist;
 With ev'ry shining virtue,
 The lovely maid is grac'd.

In modest, plain apparel,
 No patches, paint, nor airs;
 In debt alone to nature,
 An angel she appears.

From gay coquettes, high finish'd,
 My Chloe takes no riles;
 Nor envies them their conquests,
 The hearts of all the fools.

Who wins her must have merit,
 Such merit as her own;
 The graces all possessing,
 Yet knows not she has one.

Then grant me gracious heav'ns,
 The gifts you most approve;
 And Chloe, charming Chloe,
 Will bless me with her love.

S O N G CLXVIII.

THE lark's shrill note awakes the morn,
 The breezes wave the ripen'd corn;
 The yellow-harvest, free from spoil,
 Rewards the happy farmer's toil:
 The flowing bowl succeeds the frail,
 O'er which he tells the jocund tale.

S O N G

S O N G C L X I X .

Set by Dr. Arne. The Words by Mr. Prior.

AS Chloe came into the room to'ther day,
 I peevish began, where so long could you stay?
 In your life-time you never regarded your hour,
 You promis'd at two, but—look child, 'tis four:
 A lady's watch need neither figures or wheels,
 'Tis enough that 'tis loaded with baubles and seals;
 A temper so heedless no mortal can bear,
 Thus far I went on with a resolute air.
 Thus far I went on with a resolute air.

Lord bless me, says she, let a body but speak;
 Here's an ugly hard rose-bud fall'n into my neck:
 It has hurt me, and vex'd me, to such a degree;
 Look here! for you never believe me, pray see,
 On the left side my breast what a mark it has made!
 So saying, her bosom she careless display'd:
 That scene of delight, I with wonder survey'd,
 And forgot ev'ry word I design'd to have said.

S O N G C L X X .

C O L I N ' S C O M P L A I N T .

DEAR Chloe, while thus beyond measure,
 You treat me with doubts and disdain;
 You rob all your youth of its pleasure,
 And hoard up an old age of pain:
 Your maxim, that love is still founded
 On charms that will quickly decay,
 You'll find to be very ill-grounded,
 When once you its dictates obey.

The

The passion, from beauty first drawn,
 Your kindness will vastly improve;
 Your sighs and your smiles are the dawn,
 Fruition's the sunshine of love:
 And tho' the bright beams of your eyes,
 Shou'd be clouded that now are so gay;
 And darkness possess all the skies,
 Yet we ne'er can forget it was day.

Old Darby, with Joan by his side,
 You've often regarded with wonder;
 He's dropfical, she is fore-ey'd,
 Yet they're ever uneasy asunder:
 Together they totter about,
 Or sit in the sun at the door;
 At night when old Darby's pot's out,
 His Joan will not smook one whiff more.

No beauty or wit they possess,
 Their several failings to smother;
 Then what are the charms, can you guess,
 That make them so fond of each other?
 'Tis the pleasing remembrance of youth,
 The endearments which youth did bestow;
 The thoughts of past pleasure and truth,
 The best of our blessings below.

Those traces for ever will last,
 Nor sickness nor time can remove;
 For when youth and beauty are past,
 And age brings the winter of love:
 A friendship insensibly grows,
 By reviews of such raptures as these;
 And the current of fondness still flows,
 Which decrepid old age cannot freeze.

SONG CLXXI.

Sung by Mr. Lowe and Mrs. Lampe.

NOW the happy knot is ty'd,
 Betsey is my charming bride;
 Ring the bells, and fill the bowl,
 Rival all without controul.
 Who so fair as lovely Bet!
 Who so blest as Colinet!
 Who so fair as lovely Bet!
 Who so blest as Colinet.

Now adieu to maiden arts,
 Angling for unguarded hearts;
 Welcome Hymen's lasting joys,
 Lispering wanton girls and boys:
 Girls as fair as lovely Bet,
 Boys as sweet as Colinet.

Tho' ripe sheaves of yellow corn,
 Now my plenteous barn adorn;
 Tho' I've deck'd my myrtle bow'rs,
 With the fairest, sweetest flow'rs:
 Riper, fairer, sweeter yet,
 Are the charms of lovely Bet.

Tho' on sundays I was seen,
 Dress'd like any May day queen;
 Tho' six sweethearts daily strove,
 To deserve thy Betsey's love:
 Them I quit without regret,
 All my joy's in Colinet.

Strike

Strike up then the rustic lay,
 Crown with sports our bridal day;
 May each lad a mistress find,
 Like my Betsey, fair and kind,
 And each lass a husband get,
 Fond and true as Colinet.

Ring the bells, and fill the bowl,
 Revel all without controul:
 May the sun ne'er rise or set,
 But with joy to happy Bet,
 And her faithful Colinet.

SONG CLXXII.

Sung at Vauxhall.

YOUNG Jockey is the blithest lad,
 That e're did maiden woee;
 When he appears my heart is glad,
 For he is kind and true:
 He talks of love when e'er we meet,
 His words in raptures flow;
 Then tunes his pipe and sings so sweet,
 I have no power to go.

All other lasses he forsakes,
 And flies to me alone;
 At ev'ry fair and all the wakes,
 I hear them making moan:
 He buys me toys, and sweetmeats too,
 And ribbons for my hair;
 No swain was ever half so true,
 Or half so kind and fair.

Where'er I go, I nothing fear,
 If Jockey is but by;
 For I alone am all his care,
 When ever danger's nigh:
 He vows to wed next Whitsunday,
 And make me blest for life;
 Can I refuse, ye maidens say,
 To be young Jockey's wife.

S O N G CLXXIII.

The FRUITLESS ENDEAVOUR.

Set by Dr. Arne.

WHEN gentle Harriot first I saw,
 Struck with a reverential awe;
 I felt my bosom mov'd:
 Her easy shape, her charming face,
 She smil'd, and talk'd with so much grace;
 I gaz'd, admir'd, and lov'd.

Up to the busy town I flew,
 And wander'd all its pleasures thro'
 In hopes to ease my care:
 The busy town but mocks my pain,
 Its gayest pleasures all are vain,
 For Harriot haunts me there.

The labours of the learned sage,
 The comic clamour of the stage,
 By turns my time employ;
 I relish not the sages love,
 The stages humour please no more,
 For Harriot's all my joy.

Sometimes

Sometimes I try'd the jovial throng,
 Sometimes the female train among,
 To chace her form away :
 The jovial throng. is noisy, rude,
 Nor other females dares intrude,
 Where Harriot bears the sway.

Since then nor art nor learning can,
 Nor company of maid or man,
 For want of thee atone ;
 O come, with all thy conqu'ring charms,
 O come, and take me to thy arms,
 For thou art all in one.

S O N G CLXXIV.

The C H O I C E.

Set by Dr. Arne.

IF e'er I should learn the sweet lesson of love,
 Let these be the works of the man, I approve :
 No pedant, yet learn'd, not rakehelly gay,
 Nor laughing, because he has nothing to say ;
 To all my sex, still obliging and free,
 Yet never shew fondness to any but me ;
 In public, preserve the decorum that's just,
 And shew in his eyes, he is true to his trust.

But when the long hours of observance are past,
 And we sweetly retreat to a welcome repast ;
 May ev'ry fond pleasure that moment endear,
 Be banish'd afar both discretion and fear :

Forgetting and scorning the airs of a crowd,
 He may cease to be formal, and I to be proud ;
 Till lost in the joy, we confess that we live,
 And he may be rude, and yet I may forgive.

And that my delight may be stedfastly fix'd,
 Let the friend and the lover be properly mix'd ;
 In whose tender bosom my soul can confide,
 Whose kindness can smoothe me, whose counsel can
 guide :

From such a dear lover as here I describe,
 No danger should fright me, no millions should bribe ;
 But till I can find so uncommon a swain,
 As I long have liv'd single, I'll single remain.

S O N G CLXXV.

Written by Mr. Garrick.

YE fair married dames, who so often deplore,
 That a lover once blest is a lover no more ;
 Attend to my counsel, nor blush to be taught,
 That prudence must cherish what beauty has caught,

The bloom of your cheek, and the glance of your eye,
 Your roses and lillies may make the men sigh ;
 But roses and lillies, and sighs pass away,
 And passion will die as your beauties decay.

Use the man that you wed like your fav'rite guitar ;
 Tho' there's music in both, they are both apt to jar ;
 But how tuneful and soft from a delicate touch,
 Not handled too roughly, nor play'd on too much.

The sparrow and linnet will feed from your hand,
 Grow tame by your kindness, and come at command :
 Exert with your husband the same happy skill,
 For hearts, like young birds, may be tam'd to your will.

Be

Be gay and good humour'd, complying and kind;
 Turn the chief of your care from your face to your
 mind;
 'Tis there that a wife may her conquests improve,
 And Hymen shall rivet the fetters of love.

S O N G CLXXVI.

HAIL Windfor! crown'd with lofty tower'd,
 Where nature wantons at her will;
 Decks ev'ry vale with fruits and flow'rs,
 With waveing trees adorn the hill:
 Like Mars with Venus in his arms,
 Like his thy strength, like her's thy charms:
 Like his thy strength, &c.

When o'er thy plains I stretch mine eyes,
 Pleas'd with thy prospects unconfin'd;
 A thousand scenes before me rise,
 A thousand beauties charm my mind:
 Tho' different each, yet each agrees,
 Nor this, nor that, but all things please.

Thus Strephon views his lovely fair,
 From charm to charm in raptures lost;
 Yet not her face, her shape, nor air,
 Nor yet her eyes transport him most:
 But 'tis the heavenly finish'd whole,
 With matchless grace delight his soul.

S O N G CLXXVII.

NO longer let whimsical songsters compare
 the merits of wine to the charms of the fair,
 I appeal to the men to determine between
 A tun-belly'd Bacchus and beauty's fair queen.

The pleasures of drinking henceforth I resign,
 For though there is mirth yet there's madness in wine;
 Then let not false sparkles our senses beguile,
 'Tis the mention of Chloe that makes the glass smile.

Her beauties with rapture my senses inspire,
 And the more I behold her the more I admire,
 But the charms of her temper and mind I adore,
 These virtues shall bless me when beauty's no more.

How happy our days when with love we engage,
 'Tis the transport of youth, 'tis the comfort of age;
 But what are the joys of the bottle and bowl,
 Wine tickles the taste, love enraptures the soul.

A sot, as he riots in liquor, will cry,
 The longer I drink, the more thirsty am I;
 From this fair confession, 'tis plain, my good friend,
 You're a toper eternal, and drink to no end.

Your big belly'd bottle may ravish your eye,
 But how foolish you look when your bottle grows dry,
 From woman, dear woman, sweet pleasure must spring,
 Nay the stoics must own it—she is the best thing.

Yet some praise to wine we may justly afford,
 For in time it will make us as great as a lord;
 But woman forever gives transport to man,
 And I'll love the dear sex, aye, as long as I can.

S O N G

S O N G CLXXVIII.

THE western sky was purpl'd o'er
 With ev'ry pleasing ray,
 And flocks reviving felt no more
 The sultry heat of day;
 When from an hazles artless bow'r,
 Soft warbles Strephon's tongue,
 He bless'd the scene he bless'd the hour,
 While Nancy's charms he sung.

Let fops with fickle falshood range
 The paths of wanton love,
 Whilst weeping maids lament their change,
 And sadden ev'ry grove;
 But endless blessings crown the day
 I saw fair Esham's dale,
 And ev'ry blessing find its way
 To Nancy of the vale.

Her shape was like the reed so sleek,
 So taper, strait, and fair,
 Her dimpled smile, her blushing cheek,
 How charming sweet they were;
 Far in the winding vale retir'd,
 This peerless bud I found,
 And shadowing rocks and woods conspir'd
 To fence her beauties round.

That nature in so lone a dell
 Should form a nymph so sweet:
 Or fortune to her secret cell
 Conduct my wand'ring feet:

Gay lordlings sought her for their bride,
But she would ne'er incline,
"Prove to your equals true," she cry'd,
"As I will prove to mine."

'Tis Strephon on the mountains brow,
Has won my right good will:
To him I'll give the plighted vow,
With him I'll climb the hill.
Struck with her charms and gentle touch,
I clasp'd the constant fair,
To her alone I give my youth,
And vow my future care.

S O N G CLXXIX.

The GENEROUS DISTRESS.

Set by Dr. Arne.

BLOW ye bleak winds around my head,
And soothe my heart corroding care,
Blash round my brows, ye lightnings red,
And blast the laurels planted there;
But may the maid where'er she be,
Think not of my distress nor me.

May all the traces of our love
Be ever blotted from her mind;
May from her breast my vows remove,
And no remembrance leave behind;
But may the maid, where'er she be,
Think not of my distress nor me.

Oh!

Oh! may I ne'er behold her more,
 For she has robbed my soul of rest,
 Wisdom's assistance is too poor
 To calm the tempest in my breast;
 But may the maid; where'er she be,
 Think not of my distress nor me.

Come death! O! come thou friendly sleep;
 And with my sorrows lay me low;
 And should the gentle virgin weep,
 Nor sharp, nor lasting be her woe;
 But may she think, where'er she be,
 No more of my distress nor me.

SONG CLXXX.

The MARRIED MAN.

Set and sung by Mr. Hudson.

I Am marry'd and happy; with wonder hear this,
 Ye rovers and rakes of the age,
 Who laugh at the mention of conjugal bliss,
 And whom only loose pleasures engage:
 You may laugh, but believe me you're all in the wrong,
 When you merrily marriage deride,
 For to marriage the permanent pleasures belong,
 And in them we can only confide.

The joys which from lawless connections arise,
 Are fugitive—never sincere,
 Oft stolen with haste—or snatch'd by surprize,
 Interrupted by doubts and by fears:

But

But those which in legal attachment we find,
When the heart is with innocence pure,
Is from ev'ry imbitt'ring reflection refin'd,
And to life's latest hour will endure.

The love which you boast of deserves not that name,
True love is with sentiment join'd ;
But yours is a passion, a feverish flame,
Rais'd without the consent of the mind,
When dreading confinement, ye mistresses hire,
With this and with that ye are cloy'd,
Ye are led and mis-led by a flatt'ring false fire,
And are oft by that fire destroy'd.

If you ask me from whence my felicity flows,
My answer is short, " From a wife ;"
Whom for chearfulness, sense, and good-nature I chose,
Which are beauties that charm us for life ;
To make home the seat of perpetual delight,
Ev'ry hour each studies to seize,
And we find ourselves happy from morning to night,
By our mutual endeavours to please.

S O N G CLXXXI.

W I N T E R.

Set by Mr. Hudson.

THE hoary winter's blust'ring wind
May harden ocean's curling wave,
But if my lovely Chloe's kind,
The wrath of winter I can brave,
The wrath of winter I can brave.

Warm'd

Warm'd with the sun-shine of her eyes,
 Or melted by a gracious smile,
 The fleecy tempest I defy,
 And glow and revel all the while,
 And glow and revel all the while.

But if she meet me with disdain,
 I then am like the shifting wave,
 And icy edds chills ev'ry vain,
 Nor can I winter's anger brave.

S O N G CLXXXII.

FAR swifter than light my love flies,
 In quest of a happier clime,
 See yonder he steers through the skies,
 And smiles on the wreck of old time.

Since I here on earth still remain
 A stranger to comfort and rest,
 At once I will end all my pain,
 This dagger I'll sheathe in my breast.

S O N G CLXXXIII.

THE early horn salutes the morn
 That gilds this charming place,
 With chearful cries bid echo rise,
 And join the jovial chace.
 The vocal hills around,
 The waving woods,
 The christial floods,
 All, all return the enliv'ning sound.

S O N G CLXXXIV.

Sung by Mrs. Vincent, at Marybone.

SINCE lost to peace of mind serene,
 I drag my chain in fruitless hope,
 I'll court each melancholy scene,
 And give my sorrows their full scope;
 My lovely, sprightly, gallant tar,
 Who sports with fierce destructive war,
 Think what I feel, where'er thou art,
 Think of thy Mary's breaking heart.

Secure thy dancing castle rides
 Upon the bosom of the deep,
 The stormy winds and waves abides,
 And navigation bids thee sleep :
 But balmy sleep and downy rest
 Shall fly the tempest in thy breast,
 When jealous fears, like mine, shall prove
 The truth of my dear sailor's love.

Hope, doubt, and fear, and winds, and waves,
 More dreadful to the love-toss'd mind
 Than those the skilful seamen braves,
 Who leaves pale care and grief behind :
 The adventurous maid, embark'd like me,
 That sails on such a troubled sea,
 The ocean's rage would gladly meet,
 And in its depths would seek retreat.

Yet, O be still, my frantic brain,
 Let reason whisper to my fears,
 My sailor may return again,
 Crown'd with success to dry my tears ;

When

From beauty and wit, and good humour, how I
Should prudence advise, and compel me to fly,
Thy bounty, O fortune, make haste to bestow,
And let me deserve her, or still I'll say—no.

S O N G CLXXXVII.

A C A N T A T A.

Sung by Mrs. Weichsell, at Vauxhall.

RECITATIVE.

BEHOLD the heavens how beauteous and serene,
Now not a breeze disturbs the placid air;
And on the branch the leaf untrembling hangs;
All nature now enjoys the happy calm,
All but this throbbing bosom,
Doom'd no more to taste repose.
While absent is the fair, whose radiant eye
Whose boundless love inspire.

A I R.

The morn's returning ray
Each opening floweret cheers,
In purple lustre gay
Its head exulting rears,
When night obscures the sky,
Its transient glories die.

RECITATIVE.

Thus Thyrsis was lamenting of his dear,
When Daphne appear'd, and banish'd all his fear,
And thus replied the fair:
Cease gentle swain, to pour thy soft complaint,
See Daphne comes to soothe thy anxious cares,
And shares thy pains; thy ardent vows she bears,
Thy

Thy love sincere with equal love repays,
The rising blush, the dying sigh
My secret passion prove,
While rapture trembling thro' mine eyes,
Declares how much I love.

AIR.

Take, whate'er of bliss or joy you fondly fancy
mine,
Whate'er of joy or bliss I boast, love renders wholly
thine;
Now blithely all the livelong day the feather'd war-
blers sing,
On ev'ry bush they chant their lay, or trill on soaring
wings.

S O N G CLXXXVIII.

Sung by Mrs. Arne, in the Padlock.

SAY little foolish, flutt'ring thing,
Whither, ah! wither would you wing
Your airy flight?
Stay here and sing,
Your mistress to delight.
No, no, no,
Sweet Robin, you shall not go.
Where, you wanton, could you be.
Half so happy as with me.

S O N G CLXXXIX.

Sung by the same, in the same.

WAS I a shepherd's maid to keep
On yonder plains a flock of sheep,
Well pleas'd I'd watch the live long day,
My ewes at feed, my lambs at play.

Or wou'd some bird, that pity brings,
But for a moment lend it's wings,
My parents then might rave and scold,
My guardian strive my will to hold :
Their words are harsh, his walls are high,
But spite of all away I'd fly.

S O N G CXC.

Sung by Mr. Vernon, in the same.

IN vain you bid your captive live,
While you the means of life deny ;
Give me your smiles, your wishes give,
To him who must without you die.

Shut from the sun's enlivening beam,
Bid flow'rs retain their scent and hue ;
Its source dry'd up, bid flow the stream,
And me exist, depriv'd of you.

S O N G CXCI.

Sung by the same, in the same.

HITHER, Venus with your doves,
Hither, all ye little loves;
Round me light your wings display,
And bear a lover on his way.

Oh, could I but like Jove of old,
Transform myself to show'ry gold;
Or in a swan my passion shroud,
Or wrap it in an orient cloud;
What locks, what bars should then impede,
Or keep me from my charming maid!

S O N G CXCII.

Sung by Miss Wewitzer, at Vauxhall.

AH! where can one find a true swain,
In whom a young nymph could confide,
Men are now so conceited and vain,
They no longer have hearts to divide.
Or in court, or in city, or town.
All acknowledge how fruitless the search,
So polite too each village is grown,
Ev'n there girls are left in the lurch..

Then adieu to the thralldom of love,
Adieu to its hope and its fear,
Henceforth I in freedom will rove,
Who like it the willow may wear:

Yet

Yet should fortune my truth to reward,
Send some youth with each talent to bless,
How far I my purpose could guard,
Is a secret I need not confess.

S O N G CXCIII.

L OVELY nymph assuage my anguish,
At your feet a tender swain,
Pray's you will not let him languish ;
One kind look would ease his pain.
Did you know the lad that courts
You ? he not long need sue in vain ;
Prince of song, of dance, of sports,
You scarce will meet his like again.

S O N G CXCIV.

The MYRTLE and ROSE.

Sung by Mr. Vernon. Set by Mr. Worgan.

A T once I'm in love, with two nymphs that are
fair
And to sweets in my garden, these nymphs I compare ;
Nor can shrub, nor can blossom, be better than those,
And Jenny's my myrtle, and Chloë's my rose.

My Chloë is fond all her charms to to display,
With the rose in her cheek, she to all would be gay ;
On all paler beauties she looks down with pride,
And can bear not a flow'ret to grow by her side.

She

She thinks not how quickly those charms will expire,
That with May they first came, and with summer re-
tire;

That pride, so soon over, is foolish and vain,
And love, built on beauty, can't hold with a swain.

But *Jenny*, my myrtle, ne'er changes her face,
No season nor age can her features displace;
She covets no praise, nor with envy is stung,
She always is pleas'd, and is pleasing and young.

Then, *Chloe*, I sudden must make my retreat,
Thy rose is too blooming, too short liv'd and sweet;
But *Jenny*, thy myrtle is lasting and green,
And all the year thro', thou the same still are seen.

S O N G CXC.V.

WHEN first thy soft lips I but civilly prest,
Eliza, how great was my bliss!
The fatal contagion ran quick to my breast;
I lost my poor heart with a kiss.

And now, when supremely thus blest with your sight,
I scarce can my transports restrain;
I wish, and I pant, to repeat the delight;
And kiss you again and again.

In raptures I wish to enjoy all those charms;
Still stealing from favour to favour—
Now, now, O ye gods! let me fly to your arms,
And kiss you for ever and ever.

S O N G CXCVI.

Sung by Mrs. Pinto, in the BEGGAR'S OPERA.

VIRGINS are like the fair flow'r in its lustre,
Which in the garden enamels the ground;
Near it the bees in play flutter and cluſter,
And gaudy butterflies frolic around.

But when once pluck'd, 'tis no longer alluring;
To Covent-garden 'tis ſent, as yet ſweet;
There fades and ſhrinks, and grows paſt all enduring,
Rots, ſtinks, and dies, and is trod under ſeet.

S O N G CXCVII.

COLIN and PHOEBE.

WHERE the jeſſamine ſweetens the bow'r,
And cowſlips adorn the gay green,
And the roſes reſreſh'd by a ſhow'r,
Contribute to brighten the ſcene;
And the roſes reſreſh'd by a ſhow'r,
Contribute to brighten the ſcene;
In a cottage retir'd, there lives
Young Colin with Phœbe the fair.
The bleſſings each other receives,
In mutual enjoyments they ſhare;
The bleſſings each other receives,
In mutual enjoyments they ſhare:
And the lads and the laſſes that dwell on the plain,
Sing in praiſe of fair Phœbe, and Colin her Swain.

The sweets of contentment supply,
 The splendor of grandeur and pride;
 No wants can the shepherd annoy,
 While blest with his beautiful bride;
 No wants, &c.

He wishes no greater delight,
 Than to tend on his lambkins by day,
 And return to his Phœbe at night,
 His innocent toil to repay;
 And return, &c.

And the lads tell the lasses, in hopes to prevail,
 They're as constant as Colin, who lives in the dale.

If delighted her lover appears,
 The fair-one partakes of his bliss;
 If dejected, she soothes all his cares,
 And heals all his pains with a kiss?
 If dejected, &c.

She despises the artful deceit,
 That is practis'd in city and court;
 Thinks happiness no where complete,
 But where shepherds and nymphs do resort;
 Thinks happiness no where complete,
 But where shepherds and nymphs do resort:
 And lads tell the lasses they die in despair,
 Unless they're as kind as is Phœbe the fair.

Ye youths who're accusom'd to rove,
 And each innocent fair one betray,
 No longer be faithless in love,
 The dictates of honour obey;
 No longer be faithless in love,
 The dictates of honour obey.

Ye nymphs who with beauty are blest,
 With virtue improve ev'ry grace;
 The charms of the mind, when possess'd,
 Will dignify those of the face:
 The charms of the mind, when possess'd,
 Will dignify those of the face:
 And ye lads and ye lasses, whom Hymen has join'd,
 Like Colin, be constant, like Phœbe, be kind.

S O N G CXCVIII.

Sung at Vauxhall. Set by Mr. Worgan.

YOUNG Colin protests I'm his joy and delight,
 He's ever unhappy when I'm from his sight;
 He wants to be with me where ever I go,
 The deuce sure is in him for plagueing me so.
 The deuce sure is in him for plagueing me so.

His pleasure all day is to sit by my side,
 He pipes and he sings, tho' I frown and I chide;
 I bid him depart, but he smiling says no,
 The deuce sure is in him for plagueing me so.
 The deuce sure is in him, &c.

He often requests me his flame to relieve,
 I ask him what favour he hopes to receive;
 His answer's a sigh, while in blushes I glow,
 What mortal beside him would plague a maid so.
 What mortal beside him, &c.

This breast-knot he yesterday brought from the wake,
 And softly intreated I'd wear for his sake;
 Such trifles 'tis easy enough to bestow,
 I sure deserve more for his plagueing me so.
 I sure deserve more, &c.

I

He

He hands me each eve from the cot to the plain,
 And meets me each morn to conduct me again ;
 But what's his intention I wish I could know,
 For I'd rather be married then plagu'd with him so.
 For I'd rather be married then plagu'd with him so.

S O N G CXCIX.

HAPPY's the love which meets return,
 When in soft flames souls equal burn ;
 But words are wanting to discover,
 The torments of a hopeless lover :
 Ye register's of heaven relate,
 If looking o'er the roles of fate ;
 Did you there see me mark'd to marrow,
 Mary Scot, the flower of Yarrow.

Ah, no! her form's too heavenly fair,
 Her love the gods above must share;
 While mortals with despair explore her,
 And at a distance do adore her ;
 O lovely maid ! my doubts beguile,
 Revive, and bless me with a smile ;
 Alas ! if not, you'll soon debarro,
 Sighing swain, the banks of Yarrow.

But hush ye fears, I'll not despair,
 My Mary's tender as she's fair ;
 Then I'll go tell her all my anguish,
 She's too good to let me languish :
 With success crown'd, I'll not envy,
 The folks that dwell above the sky,
 When Mary Scot's become my marrow,
 We'll make a paradise of Yarrow.

S O N G C C.

HAIL Greenwich! crown'd with sweet delight,
 Throughout thy park's display'd;
 There nature's lavish charms invite
 Each youth and blooming maid;
 To taste the joys of rural shade,
 Where nought but love and mirth invade.
 Where nought, &c.

Thy ranging groves of lofty trees,
 With spreading shades repel
 The heat of Phœbus sultry rays,
 There feather'd songsters dwell,
 In pleasing emblems of true love,
 Melodious warbling through the grove.

Each rising hill new prospects yields,
 And captivates the mind;
 The grazing flocks, the pleasant fields,
 Yield raptures unconfin'd;
 Fair Flora paints the verdant scene,
 And decks with fragrant sweets the green.

The silver thames glides gently by,
 With peace and plenty crown'd;
 Its glitt'ring surface chear the eye,
 Green osiers mantling round;
 With wanton wavings as it goes,
 In various forms new beauty shews.

From hill to dale, from dale to grove,
 Thy splendours shine around;
 And, viewing each, we fully prove,
 Transporting joys abound:
 While extacy inspires the soul,
 And praising one, we praise the whole.

S O N G C C I.

THE lillies of France, and the brave English rose,
 Could never agree, as old history shows;
 But our Edwards and Henry's, those lillies have torn,
 And in their rich standards such ensigns have born;
 To shew that old England, beneath her strong lance,
 Has humbled the pride and the glory of France,

What would these monsieur's, would they know how
 they ran,
 Only look at the annals of glorious queen Anne;
 We beat them by sea, and we beat them by land,
 When Marlbro' and Russel enjoy'd the command;
 We'll beat them again boys so let them advance,
 Old England despises the insults of France.

Then let the grand monarch assemble his host,
 And threaten invasion to England's fair coast;
 We bid them defiance so bid them come on,
 Have at them, their business will quickly be done;
 Monsieurs we will teach you a new English dance,
 To our grenadiers march, which will frighten all
 France.

Let's take up our muskets and gird on our swords,
 And monsieurs shall find us as good as our words;
 Beat drums and sound trumpets, huzza to our king,
 Then welcome Bellisle with what troops thou canst
 bring;
 Huzza for old England, whose strong pointed lance,
 Shall humble the pride and the glory of France.

S O N G C C I I .

K I T T Y F E L L .

Sung at Ranelagh.

WHILE beaux to please the ladies write,
 Or bards to get a dinner by't,
 Their well-feign'd passions tell,
 Let me in humble verse proclaim
 My love for her that bears the name
 Of charming Kitty Fell.

Charming Kitty, lovely Kitty Fell,
 Oh—charming Kitty, Kitty Fell.

That Kitty's beautiful and young,
 That she has danc'd, that she has sung,
 Alas! I know full well:

I feel, and I shall ever feel,
 The dart more sharp than pointed steel,
 That came from Kitty Fell.

Charming Kitty, &c.

Of late I hop'd, by reason's aid,
 To cure the wound which love had made,

And bade a long farewell:
 But t'other day she cross'd the green;
 I saw, I wish I had not seen,

My charming Kitty Fell,
 Charming Kitty, &c.

I ask'd her why she pass'd that way,
 To church, she said—I cannot stay,
 Why don't you hear the bell?

To church—oh! take me with thee there,
 I pray'd: she would not hear my prayer,
 Ah! cruel Kitty Fell.

Cruel Kitty, &c.

And now I find 'tis all in vain,
 I live to love, and to complain,
 Condemn'd in chains to dwell ;
 For tho' she casts a scornful eye,
 In death my fault'ring tongue will cry,
 Adieu ! dear Kitty Fell.
 Charming Kitty, cruel Kitty,
 Adieu, sweet Kitty, Kitty Fell.

SONG CCIII.

GENTLE gales in pity bear,
 My sighs, my tender sighs away ;
 To my cruel Strephon's ear,
 All my soft complaints convey.

Near some mossy fountain's side,
 Or on some verdant bank reclin'd ;
 Where bubbling streams in murmurs glide,
 You will the dear deluder find.

Gentle gales in pity bear,
 My sighs, my tender sighs away ;
 To my cruel Strephon's ear,
 All my soft complaints convey.

Tell the false one how I mourn,
 Tell him all my pains and woes ;
 Tell, ah ! tell him to return,
 And bring my wounded heart repose.

Gentle gales in pity bear,
 My sighs, my tender sighs away ;
 To my cruel Strephon's ear,
 All my soft complaints convey.

S O N G CCIV.

ON the white cliffs of Albion see Fame where she
 stands,
 And her shrill swelling notes reach the neighbouring
 lands;
 Of the natives free-born, and their conquest she sings,
 The happiest of men, with the greatest of kings.

George the third she proclaims, his vast glory repeats,
 His undismay'd legions, invincible fleets;
 Whom nor castles, or rocks, can from honour retard,
 Since e'en death for their king they with scorn dis-
 regard.

O! but see a cloud bursts, and an angel appears?
 'Tis peace, lovely virgin, dissolved in tears;
 "Say, Fame," cry'd the maid, "is't not time to give
 "o'er;
 "With sieges and famine, explosions and gore."

His just right to assert, that the king amply try'd,
 Nor his wisdom or strength can by parents abide;
 Then no longer in rage let dread thunder be hurl'd,
 But leave him to me, and give peace to the world.

'Tis done, and great George is to mercy inclin'd,
 The blest word is gone forth for the good of mankind,
 'Tis the act of a Briton to beat, then to spare,
 And our king is a Briton—deny it who dare.

* (To Hodgson and Kepple let bumpers next smile,
And to all our brave troops who have taken Bellisle;
May they meet just reward, and with courage advance,
Still to humble the pride and the power of France.)

Charge your glasses lip high, and drink health to the
king,

To the duke and the princess, and make the air ring;
May the days of great George be all happy and long,
And the man be still right, who yet never was wrong.

N. B. The sixth verse was spoken by another person,
on the taking of Bellisle.

S O N G CCV.

WHEN snow decends, and robes the fields
In winter's bright array;
Touch'd by the sun, the lustre fades,
And weeps itself away:
When spring appears, when vi'lets blow,
And shed a rich perfume;
How soon the fragrance breathes its last,
How short liv'd is the bloom?

Fresh in the morn, the summer rose,
Hangs wither'd 'ere 'tis noon;
We scarce enjoy the balmy gift,
But mourn the pleasure gone:
With gilding fire the ev'ning star,
Streaks the autumnal skies;
Shook from his seat, it darts away,
And in an instant dies.

Such

Such are the charms that flush the cheek,
 And sparkle in the eye ;
 So from the lively finish'd form,
 The transient graces fly :
 To this the seasons as they roll,
 Their attestations bring ;
 They warn the fair, their ev'ry round
 Confirms the truth I sing.

S O N G CCVI.

DUETTO. *Sung by Mr. Tenducci and Mrs. Pinto, in
 Artaxerxes. Set by Dr. Arne.*

FAIR Aurora, prythee stay,
 O retard unwelcome day,
 Think what anguish rends my breast,
 Thus caressing, thus carest ;
 From the idol of my heart,
 Forc'd at thy approach to part.

S O N G CCVII.

Sung by Mr. Tenducci in the same.

WATER parted from the sea,
 May increase the rivers tide,
 To the bubbling fount may flee,
 Or thro' fertile valleys glide.
 Though in search of soft repose,
 Thro' the land 'tis free to roam ;
 Still it murmurs as it flows,
 Till it reach its native home.

S O N G CCVIII.

Sung by Mr. Beard in the same.

BEHOLD on Lethe's dismal strand,
 Thy father's troubl'd image stand ;
 In his face, what grief profound :
 See he rolls his haggard eyes.
 Hark ! "Revenge ; Revenge ;" he cries,
 And points to his still bleeding wound !
 Obey the call, revenge his death,
 And calm his soul that gave the breath.

S O N G CCIX.

Sung by Mr. Beard in the same.

THY father !—away !—I renounce the soft claim !
 Thou spot to my honour !—thou blast to my fame !
 Let justice the traitor to punishment bring ;
 His father he lost when he murder'd his king.

S O N G CCX.

Sung by Mrs. Pinto in the same. Set by Dr. Arne.

ADIEU, thou lovely youth,
 Let hopes thy fears remove ;
 Preserve thy faith and truth,
 But never doubt my love.

S O N G

S O N G CCXI.

Sung by Mr. Beard, in the same.

O Much-lov'd son, if death
Has stoln away thy vital breath,
I'll share thy hapless fate.
But e're the dagger drinks my blood
A murther'd king at Lethe's flood
The tidings shall relate.

S O N G CCXII.

Sung by Mr. Squibb, in the same.

F AIR Semira, lovely maid,
Cease in pity to upbraid
My oppress'd, but constant heart;
Full sufficient are the woes
Which my cruel stars impose.
Heaven, Alas! has done its part.

S O N G CCXIII.

Sung by S^g. Peretti, in Artaxerxes.

I N infancy our hopes and fears
Were to each other known,
And friendship in our riper years
Had twin'd our hearts in one.

Oh! clear him then from this offence,
Thy love thy duty prove,
Restore him with that innocence
Which first inspir'd my love.

S O N G CCXIV.

Sung by Mrs. Pinto, in Artaxerxes.

IF o'er the cruel tyrant love
A conquest I believ'd,
The flatt'ring error cease to prove,
O let me be deceiv'd.

Forbear to fan the gentle flame
Which love did first create,
What was my pride is now my shame,
And must be turn'd to hate.

Then call not to my wav'ring mind
The weakness of my heart,
Which ah! I feel too much inclin'd
To take a traitor's part.

S O N G CCXV.

Sung by the same, in the same.

LET not rage, thy bosom firing,
Pity's softer claim remove,
Spare a heart that's just expiring,
Forc'd by duty, rack'd by love.

Each

Each ungentle thought suspending,
 Judge of mine by thy soft breath,
 Nor with rancour never ending,
 Heap fresh sorrows on th' oppress'd.

Let not rage thy bosom firing,
 Pity's softer claim remove,
 Spare a heart that's just expiring,
 Forc'd by duty, rack'd by love.

Heav'n, that ev'ry joy has cross'd,
 Ne'er my wretched state can mend,
 I alas at once have lost
 Father, brother, lover friend.

Let not rage thy bosom firing,
 Pity's softer claim remove,
 Spare a heart that's just expiring,
 Forc'd by duty, rack'd by love.

S O N G CCXVI.

Sung by Mr. Mattocks, in the same.

WHEN real joy we miss,
 'Tis some degree of bliss,
 To reap ideal pleasure:
 And dream of hidden treasure.

The soldier dreams of wars,
 And conquers without scars,
 The sailor in his sleep
 With safety ploughs the deep.

So I through fancy's aid,
 Enjoy my heav'nly maid;
 And blest with thee and love,
 Am greater far than Jove.

S O N G CCXVII.

Sung by the same in the same.

TO fight and complain,
 Alike I disdain,
 Contented my wish to enjoy;
 I scorn to reflect
 On a lady's neglect,
 Or barter my peace for a toy.

In love as in war,
 I laugh at a scar,
 And if my proud enemy yields,
 The joy that remains,
 Is to lead her in chains,
 And glean the rich spoils of the fields.

S O N G CCXVIII.

Sung by the same in the same.

O Let the danger of a son
 Excite vindictive ire,
 The prospect of a kingdom won,
 Should light ambition's fire.

To wounded minds revenge is balm,
With vigour they engage,
And sacrifice a pleasing calm
To a more pleasing rage.

S O N G CCXIX.

Sung by Mrs. Baker, in the same.

HOW hard is my fate,
How desp'rate my state,
When honour and virtue excite,
To suffer distress,
Contented to bless
The object in whom I delight.

Yet amidst all the woes
My soul undergoes,
Thro' virtue's too rigid decree,
I'll scorn to complain
If the force of his pain
Awaken his pity for me.

S O N G CCXX.

Sung by Mrs. Pinto, in the same.

MONSTER away!
From chearful day,
To the gloomy desert fly,
Paths explore
Where lions roar,
And devouring tygers lie.

Tho'

Tho' for food
They wade in blood,
All to save their young agree;
Every creature,
Fierce by nature,
Harmless is, compar'd to thee.

S O N G CCXXI.

Sung by the same, in the same.

THE soldier tir'd of wars alarms,
Forswears the clang of hostile arms,
And scorns the spear and shield;
But if the brazen trumpet sound,
He burns with conquest to be crown'd,
And dares again the field.

S O N G CCXXII.

BURST clouds and tempests roar,
Ye rains in torrents pour,
To quench this raging flame,
Let awful thunder roll,
And dreadful Boreas howl,
When I repeat her name.

May Sol forget to rise,
Nor visit more the skies,
Till I Lucinda find:
In vain shall I implore
Kind heav'n to restore
My love her peaceful mind.

S O N G

S O N G CCXXIII.

SEE the god of day appearing,
 Gilds yon eastern azure skies,
 See the flow'rs their heads are rearing,
 And from drowzy slumbers rise.

But in hopeless love's no dawning,
 Of contentment's peaceful light,
 Vain to expect the chearful morning,
 All is one continued night.

S O N G CCXXIV.

Set by Mr. Hudson.

HITHER Phœbus turn thine eyes,
 Nor longer hide the day,
 Give light and glory to the skies,
 And blooming to the May.

Spring implores thy gentle aid,
 To rise in liv'ry gay,
 While no rude blast shall pierce the glade,
 Or cool the warmth of May.

Flora too invokes the pow'rs
 Of thy reviving ray,
 To scatter roses ev'ry hour,
 And scent the breath of May.

Come

Come, and give to nature grace,
To beauty quick convey
That lovely excellence of face,
That blush which charms the May.

S O N G CCXXV.

*A favourite Duet and Chorus, in the Oratorio of
Judas Maccabæus.*

SEE the conquering hero comes,
Sound the trumpet, beat the drums,
Sports prepare, the laurel bring,
Songs of triumph to him sing.

See the godlike youth advance,
Breathe the flutes and lead the dance,
Myrtle wreaths and roses twine
To deck the heroes brow divine.

S O N G CCXXVI.

In the same.

LOVELY peace, with plenty crown'd:
Come spread thy blessing all around,
Let fleecy flocks the hills adorn,
And vallies smile with waving corn,
Let the shrill trumpet cease, nor other sound
But nature's songsters wake the chearful morn.

S O N G CCXXVII.

AWAY to the woodlands away,
 The shepherds are forming a ring
 To dance, to dance to the honour of May,
 And welcome the pleasures of spring,
 And welcome the pleasures of spring.
 The shepherdess labours a grace,
 And shines in her Sunday's array,
 And bears, in the bloom of her face,
 The charms and the beauties of May,
 The charms and the beauties of May.

Away, to the woodlands, away,
 And join with the amorous train,
 'Tis treason to labour to day,
 Now Cupid and Bacchus must reign,
 With garlands, of primroses made,
 And crown'd with the sweet blooming spray,
 Through woodland, and meadow, and shade,
 We'll dance to the honour of May.

S O N G CCXXVIII.

SEE the purple morn arise,
 Streak with red the blushing skies,
 Zephyr from his balmy wing,
 Shakes the fragrance of the spring.

Shakes, &c.

Winter's vigour now is past,
 Joy and raptures smile at last,
 Swelling billows cease to roar,
 And die along the silent shore.

S O N G

S O N G CCXXIX.

Sung by Mrs. Baddely, in As You like It.

THEN is their mirth in heaven,
 When earthly things made even,
 Atone, atone together,
 Good Duke receive thy daughter,
 Hymen from heaven brought her,
 Yea brought her hither,
 That thou might'st join her hand with his,
 Whose heart within his bosom is.

S O N G CCXXX.

TEN thousand billing birds renew,
 The warmth that in my bosom grew,
 The warmth that in my bosom grew,
 When at my feet first Jemmy fell;
 But maidens must not kiss and tell;

All nature then, as now, seem'd pleas'd,
 The flocks were from confinement eas'd,
 From thick spread beach the gentle dove
 Recall'd as now the world to love.

As now black winter storms were o'er,
 Thick fogs mis-led our steps, no more,
 Each swain did then, as now, repeat
 Their home-spun sports, with pipe and feet.

Come on my fair, (said he) lets go
 To where the rose and woodbine grow,
 Where cuckoos cry, and lambkins bleat,
 And violets spring thine eyes to meet.

What

What could I do, e're scarce fifteen,
Against the sweetest of the green,
My hand I gave; what else befell,
Though you may guess, I must not tell.

SONG CCXXXI.

SHEPHERD. would you hope to please us,
You must ev'ry humour try :
Sometimes flatter, sometimes tease us,
Often laugh, and sometimes cry.

Soft denials are but trials
Of the heart we wish to gain !
Tho' we're shy and seem to fly,
If you pursue we fly in vain.
Shepherd, &c.

SONG CCXXXII.

Sung by Mr. Du-Bellamy, in Mother Shipton.

TO heal the smart a bee had made
Upon my Chloe's face,
Honey upon her cheek she laid,
And bade me kiss the place.
Pleas'd I obey'd, and from the wound
Imbib'd both sweet and smart ;
The honey on my lips I found,
The sting within my heart.

S O N G CCXXXIII.

PLEASURE goddess all divine,
 Come, O come, my soul is thine!
 Come, O come, with graceful air,
 Come, and drive away dull care,
 Come, and drive away dull care.
 Care that suits with sordid minds,
 Such as fear or av'rice binds,
 Selfish fallen, human brutes,
 Those alone dull care best suits.
 Those alone dull care best suits.

Bring with thee sweet dimpl'd love,
 Cupid will with pleasure rove;
 Bacchus too must join the train,
 Bacchus prompts the jocund strain;
 Merry Momus too appear,
 Momus is a foe to care;
 Let me, let me join the choir,
 Pleasure is my soul's desire.

I'll with Bacchus tofs the glass,
 And with Cupid take my lass,
 Or with waggish Momus laugh;
 Thus I'll love, and thus I'll quaff.
 Hence with all your sober rules,
 Wretched pedants, prating fools,
 Musty morals I despise,
 Love and mirth can make us wise.

S O N G CCXXXIV.

IN a vale fring'd with woodlands where grottoes
 abound,
 And rivulets murmur, and echoes resound,
 I vow'd to the muses my time and my care
 Since neither could win me the smiles of the fair.
 I vow'd to the muses my time and my care,
 Since neither could win me the smiles of the fair.

As freedom inspir'd me I rang'd and I sung,
 And Daphne's dear name never fell from my tongue,
 But if once a smooth accent delighted my ear,
 I should wish, unawares, that my Daphne was near.

With fairest ideas my bosom I stor'd,
 Allusions to none but the nymph I ador'd,
 And the more I with study my fancy refin'd,
 The deeper impression she made on my mind.

Ah ! whilst I the beauties of nature pursue,
 I still must my Daphne's fair image renew,
 The grace's have chosen with Daphne to rove,
 And the muses are all in alliance with love.

S O N G CCXXXV.

AWAKE my charmer, my Rosalind wake,
 Thy shepherd, thy Paridel's here ;
 Come shake off thy slumber thou queen of my heart,
 And let me thy beauties revere ;
 And let me thy beauties revere.

Thy

Thy dearest companions of mirth are all up,
 Lo! yonder they trip o'er the plain;
 Oh come, or they'll chide the neglect of thy vow,
 And never believe thee again:
 Oh come, or they'll chide the neglect of thy vow,
 And never believe thee again,
 And never believe thee again.

Oh come, while the birds are all whistling around,
 And teaching soft echo to sing;
 While morning, profuse of unparell'd sweets,
 Drops spice on the zephyr's cool wing:
 Oh! now while the sun at your window peeps in,
 And shoots his bold rays at thine eyes:
 Oh! now while thy shepherd, thy Paridel's here,
 Arise my dear Rosalind, rise.

S O N G CCXXXVI.

SAW you my father,
 Saw you my mother,
 Saw you my true love John;
 He told his only dear,
 That he would soon be here,
 But he to another is gone.

I saw not your father,
 I saw not your mother,
 But I saw your true love John;
 He has met with some delay,
 Which caus'd him to stay,
 But he will be here anon.

Then

Then John he up arose,
 And to the door he goes,
 And twirl'd, he twirl'd at the pin,
 The lassie took the hint,
 And to the door she went,
 And she let her true love in.

Fly up, fly up,
 My bonny grey cock,
 And crow when it is day,
 Your breast shall be
 Of the beaming gold,
 And your wings of the silver grey,

The cock he prov'd false,
 And untrue he was,
 For he crow'd an hour too soon;
 The lassie thought it day,
 So she sent her love away,
 And it prov'd but the blink of the moon.

S O N G CCXXXVII.

DAMON.

WHEN Phillis was faithful and fond as she's fair,
 With a chaplet of roses I braided my hair,
 But the willow, sad shepherd, must shadow thy brow,
 For Phillis, no longer remembers her vow.
 To the groves, with fond Colin, my shepherdess flies,
 While Damon disturbs the still plains with his sighs.
 While Damon disturbs the still plains with his sighs.

K

Bethink

PHILLIS.

Bethink you false Damon, before you upbraid,
When Phœbe's fair lambkins had yesterday stray'd ;
'Thro' the woodland you wander'd, poor Phillis forgot,
And drove the gay rambler quite home to her cot.
But a swain so deceitful, no damsel can prize,
'Tis Phœbe, not Phillis, lays claim to your sighs.

DAMON.

Like summer, gay season, young Phœbe was kind,
And her manners were graceful, untainted her mind ;
Tho' the sweets of contentment her cottage adorn,
Tho' she's fresh as the rose-bud, and fair as the morn,
Tho' she smiles like Pomona—Those smiles I'd resign,
Wou'd Phillis be faithful and deign to be mine.

PHILLIS.

On his pipe, tho' blithe Colin so prettily plays,
Tho' he sings such sweet sonnets, and writes in my praise,
Tho' he chose me his true-love last Valentine's day,
When birds sat like bride-grooms, all pair'd on the
spray ;
I could drive the gay shepherd far far from my mind
If Damon, the rover, were constant and kind.

DAMON.

Fine folks, my dear Phillis, may revel and range,
But how fleeting the pleasure that's founded on change,
The villagers cottage such happiness brings,
That peasants with pity may look upon kings.

PHILLIS.

To the church then let's hasten our transports to bind,
And Phillis will always prove constant and kind.

To

DAMON.

To the church then let's hasten our transports to bind,
And Damon will always prove constant and kind.

S O N G CCXXXVIII.

FROM morning till night, and wherever I go,
Young Colin pursues me, though still I say No,
Young Colin pursues me, though still I say No.
Ye matrons experienc'd, inform me, I pray,
In a point that's so critical, what shall I say?
Ye matrons experienc'd, inform me, I pray,
In a point that's so critical, what shall I say.

Soft sonnets he makes on my beauty and wit,
Such praises a bosom that's tender must hit;
He vows that he'll love me for ever and aye;
In a point that's so critical, what can I say.

He brought me a garland, the sweetest e'er seen,
And saluting me, call'd me his heart's little queen:
In my breast, like a bird, I found something play,
Instruct a young virgin then what she must say.

But vain my petition, you heed not my call,
But leave me unguarded, to stand or to fall,
No more I'll solicit, no longer I'll pray,
Let prudence inform me in what I shall say.

When next he approaches, with care in his eye,
If he asks me to wed I vow I'll comply,
At church he may take me for ever and aye,
And I warrant you then I shall know what to say.

S O N G CCXXXIX.

SHEPHERD would'st thou here obtain
Pleasure unallay'd with pain,
Joy that suits the rural sphere,
Gentle shepherd, lend an ear.

CHORUS.

Artless deeds, and simple dress,
Mark the chosen shepherds.

Scorn to relish calm delight,
Verdant vales, and fountains bright,
Trees that nod on sloping hills,
Caves that echo tinkling rills.

Artless deeds, &c.

If thou canst no charm disclose,
In the simplest bud that blows,
Go, forsake thy plain and fold,
Join the crowd, and toil for gold.

Artless deeds, &c.

Tranquil pleasures never cloy,
Banish each tumultuous joy,
All but love—for love inspires
Fonder wishes, warmer fires,

Artless deeds, &c.

Love, and all its joys be thine,
Yet, e're thou the reins resign,
Hear what reason seems to say,
Hear attentive—and obey.

Artless deeds, &c.
Crimson

Crimson leaves the rose adorn,
But beneath them lurks the thorn,
Fair and flow'ry is the brake,
Yet it hides the vengeful snake.

Artless deeds, &c.

Think not she, whose empty pride
Dares the fleecy garb deride,
Think not she who, light and vain,
Scorns the sheep, can love the swain.

Artless deeds, &c.

Let not lucre, let not pride,
Draw thee from such charms aside,
Have not these their proper sphere?
Gentler passions triumph here.

Artless deeds, &c.

See, to sweeten thy repose,
The blossom buds, the fountain flows,
Lo! to crown the healthful board,
All that milk and fruits afford.

Artless deeds, &c.

Seek no more — the rest's in vain,
Pleasure ending soon in pain,
Anguish lightly gilded o'er,
Close the wish, and seek no more.

Artless deeds, &c.

S O N G CCXL.

JOHNNY and Jenny being met
 To make a party at piquet,
 She play'd her game with so much art,
 As captivated Johnny's heart ;
 Sweet converse he propos'd for ease,
 The fair reply'd, E'en as you please.

From this success the youth made bold
 His inward secrets to unfold,
 That love had seiz'd his tender breast,
 And Jenny all his thoughts possess,
 Must die if she refus'd him ease,
 Still she reply'd, E'en as you please.

Accustom'd to a maiden's viles,
 He meets her unconcern with smiles,
 Vows that in spite of all her plan,
 He must and would be still the man ;
 Would in his turn begin to teaze,
 Yet she reply'd, E'en as you please.

'Tis all a joke young Johnny cries,
 I read the passion in your eyes ;
 Strait I will take the licence out,
 And see if then you'll be as stout :
 Either herself or him to ease,
 Still she reply'd, E'en as you please.

Now, caught in midst of all her game,
 Laughing, she owns him not to blame,

And

And from a practis'd lovers school,
 Gives to the man this certain rule,
 Would they obtain the fair with ease,
 Teach them to lisp, E'en as you please.

S O N G CCXLI.

YOUNG Thyrsis (sure the blithest swain
 That ever tript the sylvan plain,
 Or sigh'd for virgin fair,
 Or sigh'd for virgin fair.)
 Woo'd Delia; but the cruel dame
 With cold neglect return'd his flame,
 Nor would, nor would the shepherd hear,
 Nor would, nor would the shepherd hear.

For her he danc'd, for her he sung,
 For her his tuneful lyre he strung
 To ev'ry pleasing air;
 By each engaging art he strove
 To gain attention to his love;
 But lo! she would not hear.

Then by her scorn provok'd, he said,
 Since thus my tender vows are paid,
 Know that relentless fair,
 Some other nymph I'll strive to find
 Who to my passion will be kind,
 And lend a pitying ear.

By feigning change, her heart he try'd,
 A rival piqu'd her female pride,
 The thought she could not bear;
 Why Thyrsis with such haste away?
 Q! stay she cry'd, kind shepherd stay,
 And I thy suit will hear.

S O N G CCXLII.

I Do as I will with my swain,
 He never once thinks I am wrong,
 He loves none like me on the plain,
 I please him so well with my song.
 A song is my shepherd's delight
 He hears me with joy all the day ;
 And is sorry when comes the dull night,
 That hampers the end of my lay.



When with spleen, and with care sore oppress'd,
 He asks me to soothe him the while,
 My voice sets his mind soon at rest,
 And the shepherd will instantly smile.
 Since when or in mead, or in grove,
 By his flocks, or the clear river's side,
 I sing my best songs to my love,
 For to charm him is grown all my pride.

No beauty had I to endear,
 No treasure of nature or art,
 But my voice, that had gain'd on his ear,
 Soon found out the way to his heart :
 To try if that voice would not please,
 He took me to join the gay throng,
 Then I bore the rich prize off with ease,
 And my fame's gone abroad with my song.

But let me not jealousy raise ;
 I wish to enchant but my swain,
 Enough then for me is his praise ;
 I sing but for him the lov'd strain.

When

When youth, wealth and beauty may fail,
 And your shepherds elude all your skill,
 Your sweetness of song may prevail,
 And gain all your swains to your will.

S O N G CCXLIII.

I Heed not while life's on the wing,
 What fate, or what fortune may bring;
 Nor think of care or of sorrow;
 Nor think of care or of sorrow.
 Would you know why so happy and gay,
 I've liv'd (my companions) to-day,
 And will waste not a thought on to-morrow,
 And will waste not a thought on to-morrow.

What pleasure's already are flown,
 The joys my fond heart might have known,
 I could not repeat without sorrow,
 When eagerly brimm'd the brisk wine,
 When love half consenting was mine,
 A whisper came, "Stay till to-morrow."

I'll live, for I'm wiser at last;
 The present will pay for the past;
 No moment of future I'll borrow:
 The cheat now I fairly deny,
 On to-day you must only rely,
 Look not for a friend in to-morrow.

I'll catch ev'ry swift-flying hour,
 I'll taste ev'ry joy in my pow'r,
 And teach you to smile away sorrow,
 If love now bids beauty be kind,
 If you've nectar to gladden your mind,
 Have nothing to do with to-morrow.

S O N G CCXLIV.

YOUNG Strephon long doated on Phœbe the fair,
 Whose heart of his anguish did secretly share,
 But fearing his passion would changeable prove,
 She prudently check'd the soft dictates of love.
 She prudently, &c.

The beauties you fancy (the fair one would say)
 Are charms of a moment, and doom'd to decay.
 Love founded so slightly, can never prove true,
 The bloom disappearing, the passion dies too.

O wrong not your beauty, reply'd the fond swain,
 Its lasting impression will ever remain,
 Though age, like a winter, may blast thy fair prime,
 Yet virtue still blooming, gain vigour by time.

The strength of my eyes, with your charms will de-
 cline,
 Nor gaze at a face that is younger than thine;
 While this faithful heart, ever true to my vow,
 Preserves thy dear image, as bright as 'tis now.

Then banish, dear Phœbe, each doubt and each fear
 That make fancy'd evils like real ones appear,
 The swift flying moments with ardour improve,
 And grant the reward that is due to my love;

Kind Phœbe assenting, believ'd the fond youth,
 Who prov'd that his passion was founded on truth,
 And though envious age may her beauty impair,
 Her virtue and honour will ever be fair.

S O N G CCXLV.

REMEMBER Damon you did tell,
 In chastity you lov'd me well;
 But now, alas! I am undone,
 And here am left to make my moan:
 To doleful shades I will remove,
 Since I'm despis'd by him I love;
 Where poor forsaken nymphs are seen,
 In lonely walks of willow green.

Upon my dear's deluding tongue,
 Such soft persuasive language hung;
 That when his words had silence broke,
 You would have thought an angel spoke:
 Too happy nymph! whoe'er she be,
 That now enjoys my charming he;
 For, Oh! I fear it to my cost,
 She's found the heart that I have lost.

Beneath the fairest flower on earth,
 A snake may hide, or take its birth;
 So his false breast conceal it did,
 His heart the snake that there lay hid:
 'Tis foolish to say we happy are,
 Since men delight thus to ensnare;
 In man no woman can be blest,
 Their vows are wind, their loves a jest.

Ye gods, in pity to my grief,
 Send me my Damon, or relief;
 Return the wild delicious boy,
 Whom once I thought my spring of joy:

But whilst I'm begging of this bliss,
Methinks I hear you answer thus;
When Damon has enjoy'd, he flies;
Who sees him, loves; who loves him, dies.

S O N G CCXLVI.

IN all mankind's promiscuous race,
The sons of error urge their chace,
The wond'rous to pursue,
The wond'rous to pursue;
And, both in country and in town,
The curious courtier, cit and clown,
Solicit something new,
Solicit something new.

The poets still from nature take,
And what is ready made they make,
Historians must be true;
How therefore shall we find a road,
Though dissertation, song, or ode,
To give you something new.

They say virginity is scarce,
As any thing in prose or verse,
And so is honour too:
The papers of the day imply,
No more than that we live or die,
And pay for something new.

We see alike, the woeful dearth,
In melancholy, or in mirth,
Then what will ladies do;
Seek virtue as the immortal prize:
In fine, be honest, and be wise,
For that is something new.

S O N G

S O N G CCXLVII.

WHEN courted by Strephon, what pains he then
took,

Each day on my charms to refine,
Each day on my charms to refine;
So much of an angel he saw in my look,
That he swore I was something divine,
He swore I was something divine.

Like Venus in beauty, like Juno in gait,
Like Pallas most wonderful wife;
And thus of three deities, fairly in prate,
He parloin'd, to please me, the skies.

But when I was marry'd, more trouble he found,
To make me a woman again;
My notions celestial, so much did abound,
That a goddess I still would remain.

But, finding that his adoration would cease,
My senses at last were restor'd
From sublimity, gently descending to peace,
I begg'd to be *lov'd* not *ador'd*.

Be cautious, ye youths, with the nymph that you prize,
Nor too much her beauty commend;
When once you have rais'd the fair maid to the skies,
To the earth she'll not easy descend.

SONG CCXLVIII.

LOVE never more shall give me pain,
 My fancy's fix'd on thee;
 Nor ever maid my heart shall gain,
 My Peggey if thou die:
 Thy beauties did such pleasure give,
 Thy love so true to me;
 Without thee I shall never live,
 My deary if thou die.

If fate shall tear thee from my breast,
 How shall I lonely stray;
 In dreary dreams the nights I'll waste,
 In sighs the silent day:
 I ne'er can so much virtue find,
 Nor such perfection see;
 Then I'll renounce all women kind,
 My Peggey after thee.

No new-blown beauty fires my breast,
 With Cupid's raving rage;
 But thine which can such sweets impart,
 Must all the world engage;
 'Twas this that like the morning sun,
 Gave joy to life and me;
 And when its destin'd day is done,
 With Peggey let me die.

Ye pow'rs that smile on virtuous love,
 And in such pleasures share;
 You, who its faithful flames approve,
 With pity view the fair:

Restore my Peggy's wonted charms,
 Those charms so dear to me;
 Oh! never rob them from those arms,
 I'm lost if Peggy die.

S O N G CCXLXIX.

NEAR a meand'ring river's side,
 A beautiful damsel I espied;
 Her sparkling eyes and graceful mien,
 Made her appear like love's fair queen.
 Her sparkling eyes, &c.

She sat beneath a rock just by,
 No creature near she could descry;
 To screen her from the sultry heat,
 She chose the secret blest retreat.

But, ah! what adamant heart,
 Could then refuse love's pointed dart;
 I thought I heard the urchin say,
 This is the time, make no delay.

Eager I flew, at his command,
 And took my charmer by the hand;
 The trembling fair was full of fear,
 And said, "I hope no harm is near?"

I gently clasp'd her lovely waist,
 And swore no mortal was more chaste;
 Her coral lips I softly prest,
 And view'd her snowy throbbing breast.

The

The smiling god this scene survey'd,
 And pierc'd the kind, the blooming maid;
 With equal flame our hearts did burn,
 And love for love did each return.

S O N G CCL.

WHAT harm in so simple a token of love,
 I call'd him the prince of the garden and grove;
 He wore it fresh blooming and glitt'ring with dew,
 Yet Lucy's neglected, and William's untrue.
 He wore it fresh, &c.

Can smiles and soft accents derision convey,
 No mischief so subtle, so fatal as they;
 He brags of the prize in each meadow and glade,
 And declares how he pities the helpless poor maid.

In my quick mounting blushes the virgins descry,
 What my truth-tutor'd mind is too frank to deny;
 And the cold-hearted prudes, oh, how wary they shun,
 The maiden whom frankness alone has undone.

Your thoughts then, dear sister's, with caution conceal,
 The soft growing passion be slow to reveal;
 Distrust the vain shepherd whose temper is such,
 That granting a whisper is granting too much.

S O N G CCLI.

NO scornful beauty e'er shall boast,
 She makes me love in vain;
 The man's a fool that once is cross'd,
 If e'er he loves again:

To whine or pine I never can,
 Nor tell her I must die;

'Tis something so beneath a man,

To do it, no, no; to do it, no, no; to do it no not I.

The

The doating swain with folding arms,
 May hope the live-long day ;
 A stranger I to love's alarms,
 Will laugh my time away :
 Of darts, of hearts if e'er he prate,
 Or heave a pensive sigh ;
 Must I bewail his woeful fate,
 Believe me no not I.

For me the sex their toils may set,
 To catch the roving mind ;
 I break through ev'ry cobweb net,
 Nor leave my heart behind :
 Their wiles and smiles at once may meet,
 And all their cunning try ;
 Then must I languish at their feet
 Excuse me, no not I.

S O N G CCLII.

A H! Phillis forbear, nor upbraid the dear boy,
 Though Amyntor has slighted your charms,
 Though Amyntor has slighted your charms :
 You mistook cold reserve for innocent joy,
 And drove the dear youth from your arms,
 And drove the dear youth from your arms.

There's Daphne sits pining all careless and loose ;
 Yet with art she first conquer's the swain ;
 But the ways which had won, now neglecting to use,
 So Corydon rambles again.

Attend my dear girls and my methods pursue,
 Avoid ev'ry look of disdain ;
 What need of a frown, when a smile will subdue ?
 Then gild with good humour the chain.

My

My Damon, he toys with the maids ev'ry day,
 I see it but still know his heart;
 When he comes, ev'ry wish that can charm, I display,
 And conquer with innocent art.

Fatigu'd with the chace, or with business o'ercome,
 If pettish by chance he returns;
 With ease and good nature I welcome him home,
 And his bosom with gratitude burns.

S O N G CCLIII.

WHEN Cælia chants the rural lay,
 What transports fire my breast,
 What transports fire my breast:
 Whene'er she strikes the trembling string,
 Methinks I'm more than blest,
 Methinks I'm more than blest,

Where Cælia is, no sordid gloom,
 Or slow pac'd tear can dwell;
 Celia can charm all these away,
 And care itself expel.

As once the grove the fair one trod,
 And tun'd the Sylvan strain,
 A lark to imitate her strove,
 But strove, alas! in vain.

Her matten song she ceas'd to sing,
 Or hail the rising down;
 But bid adieu, in plaintive notes,
 To ev'ry mead and lawn.

To rage (poor bird) a victim fell,
 To think in vain she'd try'd ;
 Then stretch'd a wing, and dropp'd the spray,
 Forsook the skies and died.

S O N G CCLIV.

YOU tell me my Chloe inconstant is grown,
 That her roses and lillies are not all her own ;
 Well let it be so, 'tis the same thing to me,
 For trifles like these we will ne'er disagree :
 Or from art or from nature I care not I vow,
 While peace and good humour do smile on her brow.
 Or from art, &c.

I remember the time when my Chloe was known,
 Superior to most, and inferior to none ;
 Beauty like flowers on a hot summer's day,
 No sooner in bloom but it falls to decay :
 And though she be false, while to me its unknown,
 I'll keep, kiss, and love her, for what she has done,

S O N G CCLV.

VAIN is the thin disguise of art,
 That strives to hide a lover's heart ;
 No guile, no cunning can conceal,
 The self-betraying flames I feel :
 Forc'd as I am at length to own,
 What to the world has long been known ;
 Forc'd as I am at length to own,
 What to the world has long been known.

My

My folded arms, my footsteps slow,
 My starting tears, my looks of woe;
 These and a thousand symptoms prove,
 That much I suffer, much I love;
 These and a thousand symptoms prove,
 That much I suffer, much I love.

Then Amoret, no longer feign,
 Thyself a stranger to my pain;
 Do thou appear no longer blind,
 To see what's seen by all mankind;
 Ah! who but marks, when thou art by
 The languor of my doating eye;
 The frequent changes of my cheek,
 The sighs that from my bosom break;
 These and a thousand symptoms tell,
 'Tis Amoret I love so well.

S O N G CCLVI.

MY shepherd is gone far away o'er the plains,
 While in sorrow behind I am forc'd to remain;
 Tho' blue bells and vi'lets the hedges adorn,
 Tho' trees are in blossom, and sweet blows the thorn;
 No pleasure they give me, in vain they look gay,
 There's nothing can please now my Jockey's away;
 Forlorn I sit singing, and this is my strain,
 Haste, haste, to my arms my dear Jockey again.
 Haste, haste, to my arms my dear Jockey again.

When lads and their lasses are on the green met,
 They dance and they sing, they laugh and they chat,
 Contented and happy, with hearts full of glee,
 I can't without envy their merriment see:

Those

Those pleasures offend me, my shepherd's not there,
 No pleasure I relish that Jockey don't share;
 It makes me to sigh, I from tears scarce refrain,
 I wish my dear Jockey return'd back again.

But hope shall sustain me, nor will I despair,
 He promis'd he wou'd in a fortnight be here;
 On fond expectation my wishes I'll feast,
 For love my dear Jockey to Jenny will haste:
 Then farewell each care, adieu each vain sigh,
 Who'll then be so blest, or so happy as I?
 I'll sing on the meadows, and alter my strain,
 When Jockey returns to my arms back again.

S O N G CCLVII.

AS o'er the lawn young Sandy tripp'd,
 While kids and lambkins round him skipp'd,
 All bonny, blithe and gay;
 So sweet he tun'd his pipe and reed,
 He charms around each verdant mead,
 And usher's in, and usher's in the May,
 And usher's in the May.

But Sandy he is a' unkind,
 My sighs nor plaints he does n' mind,
 Yet still I love the swain:
 For much I fear another she,
 Attracts his mind instead of me,
 And causes a' my pain.

Oh! may the maid wheree'er they meet,
 His warmest wishes still complete,
 United with her own:
 Guard the dear boy, each sacred power,
 Your choicest blessing on him show'r,
 Her life with pleasure crown.

S O N G

S O N G CCLVIII.

YE blithesome lads and lasses gay,
 Come listen to my tale ;
 As I one ev'ning sleeping lay,
 Within the flow'ry vale :
 As I one ev'ning sleeping lay,
 Within the flow'ry vale,
 Young Jockey passing through the mead,
 By chance did me espy ;
 He took his bonnet off this head,
 And gently sat down by.

The swain though I most dearly priz'd,
 Yet now I would not know,
 But with a frown my face disguis'd,
 And strove away to go :
 But fondly he still nearer prest,
 And at my feet did lye ;
 His beating heart it thump'd so fast,
 I thought the lad would die.

But, still resolving to deny,
 (The surer him to gain)
 I bid the love-sick Jockey fly,
 In words of high disdain :
 He left me never to return,
 And to young Jenny flew ;
 While I my folly daily mourn,
 For slighting one so true.

S O N G CCLIX.

In the Oratorio of Abel.

HOW chearful along the gay mead
 The daisy and cowslip appear,
 The flocks as they carelessly feed,
 Rejoice in the spring of the year.
 The myrtles that shade the gay bow'rs,
 The herbage that springs from the sod,
 Trees, plants, cooling fruits, and sweet flow'rs,
 All rise to the praise of my God.

Shall man, the great master of all,
 The only insensible prove,
 Forbid it, fair gratitude's call,
 Forbid it devotion and love.

The Lord, who such wonders could raise,
 And still can destroy with a nod,
 My lips shall incessantly praise,
 My soul shall be wrapt in my God.

S O N G CCLX.

FAIREST isle all isles excelling,
 Seat of pleasure and of love,
 Venus here will chuse her dwelling,
 And forsake her Cyprian grove,
 Cupid from his favourite nation,
 Care and envy will remove,
 Jealousy that poisons passion,
 And despair that dies for love,

Gentle

Gentle murmurs, sweet complaining,
Sighs that blow the fire of love,
Soft repulses, kind disdainings,
Shall be all the pains you prove.
Ev'ry swain shall pay his duty,
Grateful ev'ry nymph shall prove,
And, as these excel in beauty,
These shall be renown'd for love.

S O N G CCLXI.

TELL me no more of pointed darts,
Of flaming eyes and bleeding hearts,
The hyperboles of love ;
The hyperboles of love.

Be honest to yourself and me,
Speak truly what you hear and see,
And then your suit may move,
And then your suit may move.

Why call me angel ? why divine ?
Why must my eyes the stars outshine ?
Can such deceit prevail ?
For shame, forbear this common rule ;
'Tis low, 'tis insult ; calls me fool ;
With me 'twill always fail.

Would you obtain an honest heart,
Address my nobler, better part ;
Pay homage to my mind :
The passing hour brings on the day,
And beauty quickly fades away,
Nor leaves a rose behind.

Let then your open manly sense
 The moral ornaments dispense,
 And to my worth be true :
 So may your suit itself indear,
 Not for the charms you say I wear,
 But those I find in you.

S O N G CCLXII.

ON tree-top'd hill, or turfed green,
 While yet Aurora's vest is seen,
 While yet Aurora's vest is seen ;
 Before the sun has left the sea,
 Let the fresh morning breathe on me,
 Let the fresh morning breathe on me.

To furze-blown heath, or pasture mead,
 Do thou my happy footsteps lead,
 Then shew me to the pleasing stream,
 Of which, at night, so oft I dream.

At night the mazy wood I'll tread,
 With autumn-leaves and dry moss spread,
 And cooling fruits for thee prepare,
 For sure, I think thou wilt be there.

Till birds begin their evening song,
 With thee the time seems never long ;
 O let us speak our love that's past,
 And count how long it has to last.

I'll say eternally, and thou
 Shalt only look as kind as now ;
 I ask no more, for that affords
 What is not in the force of words.

S O N G CCLXIII.

NEAR the side of a stream there liv'd a young
maid,

As beauteous as damsel could be,
And when with the lasses she frolick'd and play'd,
No lambkin more blithesome than she,
No lambkin more blithesome than she.
Her eyes were like floss, and her bosom as white,
As snow-cover'd mountains are seen :
Each charm and each grove that could passion excite,
Were found in fair Kate of the green,
Were found in fair Kate of the green.

Young Jockey, who pip'd on the neighb'ring plain,
Oft tempted the fair one abroad,
And still as he play'd her each ravishing strain,
A kiss was the shepherd's reward.
Then sighing he'd praise, in soft accents of love,
Her delicate shape and her mein,
And swore that no power his passion could move,
His passion for Kate of the green.

The nymph oft had heard the deceits of the men,
How cruel their love, and how base,
And vow'd to her lover, again, and again,
No shepherd should work her disgrace :
She told him how Susan was left in the lurch,
How knavish young Colin had been,
Then talk'd of the wedding, the parson and church,
So prudent was Kate of the green.

The

The swain, who in silence, had heard all her vows,
 Well pleas'd with the prospect of bliss,
 In transport, protested he'd make her his spouse,
 And seal'd her consent with a kiss.
 To church with their neighbours together they hied,
 So pleasing a sight scarce was seen,
 A bridegroom so happy, so pleasing a bride,
 As Jockey and Kate of the green.

[S O N G CCLXIV.

R E C I T A T I V E :

WHILST Strephon on fair Chloe hung,
 And gently woo'd and sweetly sung,
 The nymph in a disdainful air,
 Thus smiling, mock'd the shepherd's care.

A I R.

Swain I know that you discover
 In my form a thousand charms,
 Can you point me out a lover
 Worthy my encircling arms :
 Boy no more approach my beauty,
 Till you equal merit boast,
 To adore me is a duty,
 Thousands witness to their cost.

R E C I T A T I V E.

Stung to the heart, the redd'ning swain,
 On the vain maid retorts again,

A I R.

Foolish creature, did each feature,
 Bloom beyond the pride of nature,
 Artful feigning, coy, disdainful,
 Vain coquette destroys them all.
 Go o'er-bearing, proud, insnaring,
 Lay a thousand fops despairing,
 Then complying, sighing, dying,
 To some fool a victim fall.
 Nymphs, like you, whilst they're deceiving,
 Angels all in front appear,
 But the sot their arts believing,
 Finds the devil in the rear.

S O N G CCLXV.

SWEET thrush that makes the vernal year
 Sweeter than Flora can appear,
 As Philomel attends thy lay,
 She envies the return of day :
 The tuneful lyre and swelling flute,
 At thy rich warbling shall be mute,
 Vocal minstrel, thy soft lay
 Treasures up and ends the May.

Hark how the blackbird woos his love,
 The skill'd musician of the grove,
 On thorn as perch'd, he nobly sings,
 A cadence for the ear of kings ;
 Sublime and gay, soft and serene,
 A virginal to hail a queen,
 Nature's music thus improves,
 All the graces and the loves.

S O N G CCLXVI.

WARM southern gales and vernal show'rs,
 Each landskip fill'd with herbs and flow'rs,
 The forest, meadow, hill and dale,
 The universal bounty hail :
 Swains and nymphs with roundelay,
 Come and join the vocal spray.

With gleeful notes your voices raise,
 To spring in songs of boundless praise.
 With gleeful notes, &c.

S O N G CCLXVII.

AMIDST my admirers when Damon appears,
 How great is the contrast to their foppish airs,
 How great is the contrast to their foppish airs :
 Good sense and good nature beam forth in his face,
 And dignity o'er all his form adds a grace ;
 Good sense and good nature beam forth in his face,
 And dignity o'er all his form adds a grace.

He's handsome, polite ; his wit easy and free ;
 Their talk's only nonsense, or pert repartee ;
 Their flatt'ry unmeaning, no charms can impart,
 He praises my form, but makes love to my heart.

The flame of those lovers, so trifling and gay,
 Would be mighty insipid, or soon would decay,
 But he loves with passion—then blame me who can,
 If I glory in owning that Damon's the man.

S O N G CCLXVIII.

FOLLOW a shadow, still it flies you,
 Seem to fly, it will pursue,
 So court a mistress, she denies you,
 Let her alone, and she'll court you ;
 Let her alone, and she'll court you ;
 Let her alone, and she'll court you.

Say, are not women truly then
 Stil'd but shadows of us men ?
 Say, are not women truly then
 Stil'd but shadows of us men ?

At morn ; and ev'ning shades are longest,
 At noon they're short, or none ;
 So men at weakest, they are strongest,
 But grant us perfect, they're unknown.
 Say, &c.

S O N G CCLXIX.

OH ! could the various pow'r of sound
 Point out a lover's anguish ;
 Then wou'd the notes with life rebound,
 Then would they sprightly languish :
 Well may the sprightly life declare
 Hope, and the softer lute despair,
 Now let notes with life rebound,
 Now let them sweetly languish.

'Thus

Thus with my heart, when Delia smiles,
 Soon it exults with pleasure,
 But when she frowns obedient still,
 I seek a softer measure :
 Oh ! would you with me sympathize,
 Watch but the motions of her eyes,
 Now, &c.

S O N G CCLXX.

CAN lovely Delia still persist
 To fly pursuing love,
 To fly pursuing love ?
 Can she my passion still resist,
 And always scornful prove ?
 And always scornful prove ?

With sigh and tears I told my tale,
 And did it oft repeat ;
 But sighs and tears will not avail,
 She all my hopes defeat.

Pity my fate, ye pow'rs above,
 Relax the fair one's heart,
 And grant that Delia may in love
 With Corydon bear a part.

S O N G CCLXXI.

HAIL politeness, pow'r divine,
 Pleas'd we bend before thy shrine,
 Studious of the true bon ton,
 Lovers of the Cotillon.

Hail politeness, &c.
 Flaunting

Flaunting belles, and powder'd beaux,
House-wives dress'd in Sundays cloaths,
Spruce mechanics, old and young,
Learn to dance the cotillon.

Lawyers, doctors, leave their fees,
Careful but to dance with ease,
Nimbly how they trip along,
In the charming cotillon.

High and low, and rich and poor,
Think on humble joys no more,
All with dancing madness stam,
Doat upon the cotillon.

Bath and Tunbridge wells, adieu !
Now no more we think on you ;
True politeness is our own,
Since we've learn'd the cotillon.

S O N G COLXXII.

SINCE ev'ry charm on earth's combin'd
In Chloe's face, in Chloe's mind,
Why was I born, ye gods, to see
What robs me of my liberty ?
Why was I born, ye gods, to see
What robs me of my liberty ?

Until that fatal hapless day,
My life was lively, blithe, and gay,
I toy'd with ev'ry nymph but thee,
Who robb'd me of my liberty.

Think

Think then, dear Chloe, e're too late,
That death must be my hapless fate,
If love and you do not agree
To set my heart at liberty.

Now to the darksome woods I rove,
Reflecting on the pains of love,
And envy ev'ry clown I see
Enjoy the sweets of liberty.

Then follow Hymen's happy train,
And ev'ry idle care disdain,
We'll live in sweet tranquility,
Nor wish for greater liberty.

S O N G CCLXXIII.

THOUGHTFUL nights, and restless waking!

Oh! the pains that we endure!

Broken faith, unkind, forsaking,
Ever doubting, never sure.
Ever doubting, never sure.

Hopes deceiving, vain endeavours,
What a race has love to men,
False protesting, fleeting favours,
Ev'ry, ev'ry way undone.

Still complaining, and defending,
Both to love, yet not agree,
Fears tormenting, passions rending,
Oh! the pangs of jealousy!

From such painful ways of living,
 Oh ! how sweet could love be free !
 Still presenting, still receiving,
 Fierce, immortal ecstasy.

S O N G CCLXXIV.

YE gentle gales that fan the air,
 And wanton in the shady grove,
 Oh whisper to my absent fair,
 My secret pain and endless love.

When at the sultry heat of day,
 She'll seek some shady cool retreat,
 Throw spicy odours in her way,
 And scatter roses at her feet.

And when she sees their colours fade,
 And all their pride neglected lie,
 Let that instruct the charming maid,
 That sweets not gather'd timely die.

And when she lays her down to rest,
 Let some auspicious virgin shew
 Who 'tis that love's Camilla best,
 And what for her I'd undergo.

S O N G CCLXXV.

SPRING returns, the fauns advance,
 Leading on the sprightly dance ;
 Leading on the sprightly dance ;

O'er

O'er the fallow, o'er the glade,
Thro' the sunshine, thro' the shade ;
Whilst I forlorn, and pensive still,
Sit sighing for my daffodil.

See the wonton nymphs appear,
Smiling all, as smiles the year ;
Sporting, print wher'e they tread,
Daisy ground, or primrose bed.

Now the swain, with wat'ry shoe,
Brushes by the morning dew,
With officious love to bear
Fresh-blown cowslips to his fair.

Gentle nymphs, forsake the mead,
To my love for pity plead ;
Go, ye swains, and seek the fair,
This my last petition bear.

Sweetest maid that e'er was seen
Dance at wake, or trip the green,
See a love-sick sighing swain ;
Hear my vows, relieve my pain,
Or with your frowns, for pity kill !
Too charming, cruel daffodil !

S O N G CCLXXVI.

TH O' his passion in silence the youth wou'd conceal,
What his tongue will not utter, his eyes still reveal,
What his tongue will not utter, his eyes still reveal ;
And by soft stoln glances unwillingly prove,
That they are but tell-tales of Celadon's love,
That they are but tell-tales of Celadon's love.

T

To the grove, to the green, to the dance, to the fair,
Wherever I go my blithe shepherd is there ;
I know the fond youth by his blush, by his smile,
And surely such locks were not meant to beguile.

Tho' indiff'rent the subject, whatever it prove,
He insensibly turns the discourse upon love ;
If he talks to another, with pleasure I see
Though his words are to her, yet his looks are to me.

Sometimes I command him his speech to refrain ;
But, alas ! my resolves, I command it in vain,
For when the dear theme he'll no longer pursue,
I forget my commands, and resume it anew.

When he talks, if alone, I am ever in fear
He should speak what I dread, and yet wish most to
hear ;
Should he mention his love, though my pride would
deny.
My heart whispers, Cælia, fond Cælia comply.

S O N G C C I X X V I I .

SAY zephyr what music enchants the gay plains,
As soft and as sweet as the nightingales strains ;
My heart it goes pitty-pattee, with a bound,
And gently transported, beats time to the sound.
O say is it Sappho that touches the strings,
And some song of the syrens you bear on your wings,
Sound zephyr, and whisper distinctly the lays,
'Tis Belinda that sings, 'tis Belinda that plays.
'Tis Belinda that sings, 'tis Belinda that plays.

Ah !

Ah, swains, if you value your freedom, beware,
 She's fair and inconstant, and thus with her art,
 She will ravish your ears and inveigle your heart.

[Da Capo.

S O N G CCLXXVIII.

ATTEND all ye nymphs and ye swains of the
 green,

For you I have rov'd the plains round ;
 Whole months I've been prying, and now I have seen
 Where smiling content's to be found,
 Where smiling content's to be found.

Come quickly with me, and I'll shew you the way,
 To the spot where he chose his retreat ;
 You must fly from these plains to be easy and gay,
 And near him must take up your seat,
 And near him must take up your seat.

I sought him 'mongst crowds, and in each gaudy place,
 But those were the mansions of care ;
 In the palace of greatness unknown was his face,
 Contentment had never been there :
 I hied me to roofs that invited to joys,
 Hope tempted me thither to rove ;
 But rude was their wit, and their pleasure was noise,
 Though they beckon'd to peace and to love.

And at last near a brook, to a cottage I stray'd,
 With a few simple sheep on the green ;
 The rose and the woodbine their sweetness display'd,
 Not plenty but health blest the scene :
 Good-nature appear'd and unlatch'd me the door,
 Nor knew what my coming there meant ;
 How great my surprize ! here my search was all o'er,
 He told me his name was Content.

S O N G

S O N G CCLXXIX.

PHILLIS, the goddess of the plain,
 Admir'd by ev'ry youthful swain,
 Who us'd to laugh at Cupid's dart,
 And scorn each captivated heart ;
 Who us'd to laugh at Cupid's dart,
 And scorn each captivated heart :
 To Strephon now hath given her own,
 And silent doth its muse bemoan.

Though now 'tis past, there was a time,
 When I lov'd her as she loves him ;
 But when I knelt and told my pain,
 With frowns she sent me back again,
 And told me each returning day,
 Would help to wear the chains away,

Since now dear Phillis thou art caught,
 Pray use the precepts you have taught ;
 Convince me that your charms decay,
 As each new hour rolls away ;
 Then I your dictates will pursue,
 And die content as well as you.

S O N G CCLXXX.

BLEST with thee, my soul's dear treasure,
 Sweetly will each hour be pass'd ;
 Ev'ry day will bring new pleasure,
 And be happier than the last.

With

With so lov'd a partner talking,
 Time will quickly glide away ;
 With so dear a husband walking,
 Nature does each bloom display.

Such a darling swain possessing,
 All my sorrows will be o'er ;
 Thou art fortune's utmost blessing,
 Fortune cannot give me more.

S O N G CCLXXXI.

CONSIDER fond shepherd how fleeting the pleasure,
 That flatters our hope in pursuit of the fair ;
 The joys that attend it by moments we measure,
 But life is too little to measure our care.

S O N G CCLXXXII.

YES Strephon, yes ; these charms must fade,
 As does the pride of May ;
 Such fate attends the fairest maid,
 Poor sovereign of a day,
 Poor sovereign of a day :
 Warn'd by the roses hasty fall,
 I know my longest reign ;
 Yet, for that pow'r I can't recall,
 I'll scorn to feel a pain.

Then know, false man, thy subtlest arts,
 Shall ne'er my soul betray,
 Nor fear, of what old age may bring,
 Enslave my heart a day ;

With

True

True were my beauty all my boast,
 Since that will pass so soon,
 'Twere not amiss in you to ask,
 Or me to grant the boon.

But sped with wisdom's friendly aid,
 I ask no happier state;
 Should Chloe live and die a maid,
 Is that a curse so great?
 No Strephon, no; I've yet one charm,
 When all the rest are spent,
 Shall of its cares e'en age disarm,
 'Tis—virtue, with content.

S O N G CCLXXXIII.

NOW pleasure unbounded resounds o'er the
 plains,
 And brightens the smiles of the nymphs and the
 swains,

As they follow the toils with a dance and a song,
 As they follow the toils with a dance and a song.
 Possess'd of the plenty that blesses the year,
 Bleak winter's approach they behold without fear,
 Bleak winter's approach they behold without fear.
 And when tempests rattle and hurricanes roar,
 Enjoy what they have, and ne'er languish for more.

Dear Chloe, from them let us learn to be wise,
 And use ev'ry moment of life as it flies;
 Gay youth is the spring-time which all must improve,
 For summer to ripen a harvest of love:

Our

Our hearts then a provident care should engage,
 To lay friendship in store for the winter of age;
 Whose frowns shall disarm even Chloe's bright eye,
 Damp the flame in my bosom, and pall ev'ry joy.

S O N G CCLXXXIV.

YOUNG Dorilas, an artless swain,
 And Daphne, pride of western plain,
 Their flocks together drove,
 Their flocks together drove :
 Gay youth sat blooming on his face,
 She no less shone with ev'ry grace,
 Yet neither thought of love,
 Yet neither thought of love.

With equal joy each morn they meet;
 At mid-day, seek the same retreat,
 And shelter in one grove;
 At ev'ning haunt the self-same walk,
 Together innocently talk,
 But not a word of love.

Hence mutual friendship firmly grew,
 Till heart to heart spontaneous flew,
 Like bill to bill of dove;
 Both feel the flame which both conceal,
 Both wish the other would reveal,
 Yet neither speaks of love.

She hung with rapture o'er his sense;
 He doated on her innocence :
 Thus each did each approve.
 They vow'd, and all their vows observ'd;
 The maid was true, the swain ne'er swerv'd,
 Then ev'ry word was love.

S O N G

S O N G CCLXXXV.

TWAS when the seas were roaring,
 With hollow blasts of wind,
 A damsel lay deploring,
 All on a rock reclin'd :
 Wide o'er the foaming billows,
 She cast a wishful look ;
 Her head was crown'd with willows,
 That trembled o'er the brook.

Twelve months were gone and over,
 And nine long tedious days ;
 Why didst thou, vent'rous lover,
 Why didst thou trust the seas :
 Cease, cease, thou troubled ocean,
 And let my lover rest ;
 Ah ! what's thy troubled motion,
 To that within my breast.

The merchant robb'd of treasure,
 Views tempests with despair ;
 But what's the loss of treasure,
 To losing of my dear :
 Should you some coast be laid on,
 Where gold and di'monds grow ;
 You'll find a richer maiden,
 But none that loves you so.

How can they say that nature,
 Has nothing made in vain ;
 Why then, beneath the water,
 Do hideous rocks remain :

No eyes the rocks discover,
That lurk beneath the deep;
To wreck the wand'ring lover,
And leave the maid to weep.

Thus melancholy lying,
Thus wail'd she for her dear;
Upbraid each blast with sighing,
Each billow with a tear;
When o'er the white waves slooping,
His floating corpse she spy'd;
Then like a lilly drooping,
She bow'd her head, and dy'd.

S O N G CCLXXXVI.

WHAT med'cine can soften the bosom's keen
smart?

What Lethe can banish the pain?
What care can be met with, to soothe the fond heart,
That's broke by a faithless young swain.

In hopes to forget him, how vainly I try,
The sports of the wake and the green;
When Colin is dancing, I say with a sigh,
'Twas here first my Damon was seen.

When to the pale moon the soft nightingale's moan,
In accents so piercing and clear;
You sing not so sweetly, I cry with a groan,
As when my dear Damon was here.

A garland

A garland of willow my temples shall shade,
 And pluck it, ye nymphs, from yon grove;
 For there, to her cost, was poor Laura betray'd,
 And Damon pretended to love.

S O N G CCLXXXVII.

HE who a virgin's heart would win,
 By soft approaches must begin;
 Must gently sigh, must gently sigh,
 And each endea'ring art must try:
 If Cupid's favour'd golden dart,
 Should then transfix her yielding heart;
 Each gentle look, each sympathy,
 Shall echo back with sympathy.

Shall eccho, &c.

But what avails a heart to gain,
 Unless the conquest we maintain;
 Implore we then, the heav'nly pow'rs,
 How but to keep the conquest ours:
 Lift! lift! what murmurs here incline;
 'Tis *Hymen!* Mark the voice divine—
 Know, mortals, I alone can prove,
 The strong attractive charms to love.

S O N G CCLXXXVIII.

LONG young Jockey toy'd and sported,
 Long he try'd each wining art,
 Long with silent glances courted,
 Ere he won my witless heart;

Of

Oft he press'd my hand, too yielding,
 Oft he kiss'd, and oft he smil'd;
 No reserve my bosom shielding,
 Chloe's heart he soon beguil'd;

But when he my inclination
 Had subdu'd, the faithless swain;
 Can ye hear it maids with patience;
 Soon too soon forsakes the plain.

Leaving the maid a prey to young Cupid,
 Whose only fault was her seeming too kind;
 Surely the youth was grown very stupid,
 To think that the sting would remain long behind;
 Tell me ye swains, tell me ye swains,
 Could you do so, would you do so,
 Could you, would you, would you, could you,
 Would you have serv'd a maiden so.

Soon as I had lost my lover,
 Fool! I fate me down and cry'd;
 Rail'd at fate, and curs'd the rover,
 Sigh'd and sobb'd, and sobb'd and sigh'd;

I no breakfast ate nor dinner,
 Supperless I went to bed;
 I a loser, he no winner,
 'Till a thought came in my head:

Why should I, my bloom destroying,
 Vex and teize my soul away:
 No,—the gift of life enjoying,
 I will taste the sweets of May.

Just

Oft

Just as the rose, the bee flying from her,
 Blushes and bustles at every wind :
 So Cloe's resolv'd to laugh thro' the summer,
 To ev'ry new swain to be gentle and kind.
 Tell me, ye maids, tell me, ye maids,
 Could you do so, would you do so ?
 Could you, would you, would you, could you.
 Would not you have serv'd the rover so ?

S O N G CCLXXXIX.

THE silver moon's enamour'd beam,
 Steals softly through the night,
 To wanton in the winding stream,
 And kiss reflected light ;
 To court's begone, heart-soothing sleep,
 Where you've so seldom been,
 Whilst I my wakeful vigil keep,
 With Kate of Aberdeen,
 With Kate of Aberdeen.

The nymphs and swains expectant wait,
 In primrose chaplets gay,
 'Till morn unbars her golden gate,
 And gives the promis'd May ;
 The nymphs and swains shall all declare
 The promis'd May, when seen,
 Not half so fragrant, half so fair,
 As Kate of Aberdeen.

I'll tune my pipe to playful notes,
 And rouse yon nodding grove,
 'Till new wak'd birds distend their throats,
 And hail the maid I love ;

At her approach the lark mistakes,
 And quits the new-dress'd green,
 Fond birds, 'tis not the morning breaks,
 'Tis Kate of Aberdeen.

Now, blithsome o'er the dewy mead,
 Where el'ves disportive play,
 The festal dance young shepherds lead,
 Or sing their love-tun'd lay;
 'Till May in morning-robe draws nigh,
 And claims a virgin queen;
 The nymphs and swains exulting cry,
 Here's Kate of Aberdeen.

S O N G CCXC.

WHAT though the blooming genial year,
 In all its beaut'ous pomp appear,
 What though each blushing border rise,
 And primrose with the vi'let vies;
 Though gay green mantle shade the trees,
 Without Amyntor, what are these?
 Without Amyntor, &c.

What though the cuckow from the grove,
 Proclaim the spring the time for love,
 What though the thrilling lark ascend,
 And make each rural swain his friend,
 Though thrush and blackbird strive to please—
 Without Amyntor, what are these?

Though shepherds, each in tender tale,
 Protest me fairest of the vale,

What

What though, in guileful homage dress,
Deceit may lurk t'invade my breast ;
No second love my soul can please,
Without Amyntor, what are these ?

S O N G CCXCI.

ANGELIC fair, beneath yon pine,
On grassy verdure-let's recline,
And like the morn be gay,
And like the morn be gay ;
See how Aurora smiles on spring,
See how the larks arise and sing,
To hail the infant day,
To hail the infant day.

Musick shall wake the morn—the day
Shall roll unheeded as we play,
In wiles impell'd by love :
When weary, we will deign to rest,
Alternate on each other's breast,
While Cupid guards the grove.

What prince can boast more happiness,
Than I (possessing thee) possess :
All care is banish'd hence.
Say, mortals, who our deeds despise,
In what superior pleasure lies,
Than love and innocence.

S O N G CCXCII.

FROM silent shades and the Elysian groves,
Where sad departed spirits mourn their loves ;
From crystal streams, and from the country where
Jove crowns the fields with flow'rets all the year :

Poor senseless Bess, cloath'd in rags and folly,
Is come to cure her love-sick melancholy :

Bright Cynthia kept her revels late,
While Mab, the fairy queen did dance ;
And Oberon did sit in state,

When Mars at Venus ran his lance.

In yonder cowslip lies my dear,
Intomb'd in liquid gems of dew ;

Each day I'll water it with a tear,
Its fading blossom to renew.

For, since my love is dead,

And all my joys are gone,

Poor Bess, for his sake,

A garland will make,

My music shall be a groan :

I'll lay me down and die within some hollow tree,

The raven and cat, the owl and bat,

Shall warble forth my elegy ;

Did you not see my love as he pass'd by you,

His two flaming eyes, if he come nigh you

They will scorch up your hearts.

Ladies, beware ye,

Lest he should dart a glance that may ensnare ye ;

Hark ! hark ! I hear old Charon bawl,

His boat he will no longer stay ;

The furies lash their whips and call,

Come, come away, come, come away :

Poor Bess will return to the place whence she came,

Since the world is so mad she can hope for no cure,

For love's grown a bubble, a shadow, a name,

Which fools do admire and wise men endure.

Cold and hungry am I grown,

Ambrosia will I feed upon,

M

Drink

Drink nectar still, and sing
 Who is content, does all sorrow prevent,
 And Bess in her straw, whilst free from the law,
 In her thoughts, is as great as a king.

S O N G CCXCIII.

A Beautiful face and a form without fault,
 Are not the attractions by which I am caught,
 Are not the attractions by which I am caught;
 Good-nature, good-sense, and an honest free mind,
 Are perfections in woman to which I'm inclin'd,
 Are perfections in woman to which I'm inclin'd.

For a time beauty charms, but so certain is age,
 That who with a beauty alone would engage,
 Since time spreads a veil o'er the brightest of eyes,
 And a face is a flower that blossoms and dies.

Then Venus begone with your artful decoy,
 Which like syrens do tempt, and like syrens destroy,
 'Tis friendship and virtue I seek in a wife,
 Whom I'd love and caress ev'ry day of my life.

S O N G CCXCIV.

THIS cold flinty heart it is you who have warm'd,
 You waken'd my passions, my senses have charm'd,
 You waken'd my passions, my senses have charm'd;
 In vain against merit and Cymon I strove,
 What's life without passion, sweet passion of love,
 Sweet passion, sweet passion, sweet passion of love.

The

The frost nips the buds and the rose cannot blow,
 From youth that is frost-nipt no rapture can flow,
 Elysium to him but a desert will prove ;
 What's life without passion, sweet passion of love ?

The spring should be warm, the young season be gay,
 Her birds and her flow'rets make blithesome sweet
 May ;
 Love blesses the cottage, and sings through the grove,
 What's life without passion, sweet passion of love.

S O N G CCXCV.

PHŒBUS, meaner themes disdaining,
 To the lyrist's call repair,
 To the lyrist's call repair ;
 And the strings to rapture straining,
 Come and praise the British fair ;
 And the strings to rapture straining,
 Come and praise the British fair,
 Come and praise the British fair.

Chiefs, throughout the land victorious,
 Born to conquer and to spare,
 Were not gallant, were not glorious,
 'Till commanded by the fair.

All the works of worth or merit,
 Which the sons of art prepare:
 Have no pleasure, life, or spirit,
 But as borrow'd from the fair.

Reason is as weak as passion,
 But, if you for truth declare,
 Worth and manhood are the fashion,
 Favour'd by the British fair.

SONG CCXCVI.

ZELINDA long flourish'd the pride of the town,
The courtiers ador'd her, the belles cry'd her
down;

Her feature was beauty, her motion was grace,
Yet viewing her mind, you forgot her fair face.

Wealth, pleasure, and title, solicit in vain;

The soldier boasts honour, the merchant his gain;
But such gay delusions at distance were thrown,
She fought for a merit might equal her own.

At length our Zelinda received the keen dart;

She saw it was levell'd, nor guarded her heart;
To honour, to virtue, she gave up the field,
To merit, like Strephon's, 'twas glory to yield.

Now 'scap'd from the splendour and follies of life,

The title she boasts, is the title of wife;
Her utmost ambition's to please her fond youth,
They live, and are blest in the cottage of truth.

SONG CCXCVII.

HOW much superior beauty awes,
The coldest bosoms find,

But with resistless force it draws,

To sense and sweetness join'd;

But with resistless force it draws,

To sense and sweetness join'd.

The

The casket where, to outward shew
 The workman's art is seen,
 Is doubly valu'd when we know
 It holds a gem within.

SONG CCXCVIII.

Sweetest of pretty maids, let Cupid incline thee,
 T'accept of a faithful heart which now I resign
 thee,

Scorning all selfish ends regardless of money,
 It yields only to the girl that's gen'rous and bonny;

Take me Jenny,
 Let me win you,
 While I'm in the humour;
 I implore you,
 I adore you,

What can mortal do more;

Kiss upon't, kiss upon't, turn not so shyly,
 There's my hand, there's my heart, it never will be-
 guile thee.

Bright are thy lovely eyes thy sweet lips delighting,
 Well polish'd thy ev'ry neck, thy round arms inviting,
 Oft at the milk-white churn with rapture I've seen them,
 But oh! how I sigh'd and wish'd my own arms between
 them.

Take me Jenny, &c.

I've store of sheep my love and goats on the mountain,
 And water to brew good ale, from yon chrystal fountain,
 I've too a pretty cot, with garden and land to't,
 But all will be doubly sweet if you put a hand to't.

'Take me Jenny, &c.

S O N G CCXCIX.

WITH Phillis I'll trip o'er the meads,
 And hasten away to the plain,
 Where shepherds attend with their reeds,
 To welcome my love and her swain;
 The lark is exalted in air,
 The linnet sings, perch'd on the spray,
 Our lambs stand in need of our care,
 Then let us not lengthen delay.

Those pleasures I feel with my dear,
 While gamesome young lambs are at sport,
 Exceed the delights of a peer,
 That shines with such grandeur at court;
 When Colin and Strephon go by,
 They form a disguise for a while,
 They see how I'm blest with a sigh,
 But envy forbids them to smile.

Let courtiers of liberty prate,
 T' enjoy it take infinite pains,
 But liberty's primitive state,
 Is only enjoy'd on the plains;
 With Phillis I rove to and fro,
 With her my gay minutes are spent,
 'Twas Phillis first taught me to know,
 That happiness flow's from content.

SONG CCC.

AMORET.

SWEET Phyllis, well met,
 The sun is just set,
 To yon myrtle grove let's repair;
 All nature's at rest,
 And none to molest,
 I've something to say to my fair,
 I've something to say to my fair.

PHYLLIS.

No, no, subtle swain,
 Entreaties are vain,
 Persuade me to go you ne'er shall;
 Night draws on apace,
 I must quit the place,
 The dew is beginning to fall.

AMORET.

Believe me coy maid,
 By honour I'm sway'd,
 No fears need your bosom alarm,
 The oak and the pine,
 Their leaves kindly join,
 To shelter love's vot'ries from harm.

PHYLLIS.

Your arts I despise,
 My virtue I prize,
 Though poor I am richer than those,
 Who lost to all shame,
 Will barter their fame,
 For purchase of gold and fine cloaths.

M 4

AMORET.

A M O R E T.

You do me much wrong,
 Such thoughts ne'er belong,
 To the noble and gen'rous breast;
 I meant but to know,
 If Phyllis would go,
 And let Hymen make Amoret blest.

P H Y L L I S.

If what you now say,
 Your heart don't betray,
 It gives me much pleasure to find,
 My Amoret still,
 A stranger to ill,
 And to wedlock's soft bondage inclin'd.

S O N G C C C I.

A DIEU, dear maid, whose charms inspire,
 A never-fading love;
 Once more to rural scenes retire,
 And range the thoughtful grove,
 Where peace shall all thy steps attend,
 And nature's various beauties blend,
 And nature's various beauties blend.

There no corroding cares intrude
 Which haunt th' ambitious throng;
 Th' embow'ring shades of solitude
 To humble minds belong;
 To those, whose virtue is too great
 To live in regions of deceit.

Though

Though now ill-nature throws her darts,
 And wounds our social joy ;
 Blest friendship still unites our hearts
 With her endearing tie.
 While thus supported, we can brave
 Each cruel storm and threat'ning waves :

Vice shall try all her arts in vain
 Our union to divide ;
 For purest loves eternal chain,
 Our spirits has allied :
 Then let not parting give us pain,
 We parted but to meet again.

S O N G CCCII.

SINCE artists who sue for the trophies of fame,
 Their wit, and their taste, and their genius pro-
 claim ;

Attend to my song, where you'll certainly find
 A secret disclos'd for the good of mankind :
 And deny it who can, sure the laurel's my due,
 I've found out the padlock to keep a wife true ;
 I've found out the padlock to keep a wife true.

Should the amorous goddess preside o'er your dame,
 With the ardours of youth all her passions inflame,
 Should her beauties lead captive each softer desire,
 And languishing lovers still sigh and admire :
 Yet fearless you'd trust her, though thousands may sue,
 When I tell you my padlock to keep a wife true.

Tho' the husband may think that he wisely restrains,
 With his bars and his bolts, his confinement and chains,

How fatally weak must this artifice prove ;
 Can fetters of steel bind like fetters of love ?
 Throw jealousy hence ; bid suspicion adieu ;
 Restraint's not the padlock to keep a wife true.

Should her fancy invite to the park or the play,
 All complying and kind, you must give her her way,
 While her taste and her judgment you fondly approve,
 'Tis reason secures you the treasures of love ;
 And, believe me no coxcomb admission can find,
 For the fair one is safe if you padlock her mind.

Though her virtues with foibles should frequently
 blend,
 Let the husband be lost in the lover and friend ;
 Let doubts and surmises no longer perplex,
 'Tis the charm of indulgence that binds the soft sex ;
 They ne'er can prove false while this maxim's in view,
Good humour's the padlock to keep a wife true.

SONG CCCHII.

THE pride of all nature was sweet Willy O,
 The pride of all nature was sweet Willy O,
 The first of all swains,
 He gladden'd the plains ;
 None ever was like to the sweet Willy O ;
 The first of all swains,
 He gladden'd the plains ;
 None ever was like to the sweet Willy O,
 None ever was like to the sweet Willy O.

He

He sung it so rarely, did sweet Willy O;
 He melted each maid,
 So skilful he play'd;
 No shepherd e'er pip'd like the sweet Willy O.

All nature obey'd him, the sweet Willy O;
 Wherever he came,
 Whate'er had a name;
 Whenever he came follow'd sweet Willy O.

He would be a soldier, the sweet Willy O;
 When arm'd in the field,
 With sword and with shield;
 The laurel was won by the sweet Willy O.

He charm'd them while living, the sweet Willy O;
 And when Willy died,
 'Twas nature that sigh'd
 To part with her all, in her sweet Willy O.

S O N G CCCIV.

MY Betsey is the blithest maid
 That e're young shepherd woo'd,
 She has, at length my heart betray'd,
 Alas! do all I could.
 For shape, for air, and manners too,
 None can with her compare.
 O would she but be kind and true,
 I'd soon my love declare.

Whene'er I see her beauteous face,
 My heart with joy does burn;
 Whene'er she's absent from the place,
 I long for her return,

If she all others would forsake,
And fly to me alone,
What pleasure I with her should take,
While they their loss bemoan.

I'd bless the day that first I knew
My charming Betsy fair,
And all my life should be to shew
She was my only care.

I'd vow to wed next Whitsunday,
And make her blest for life,
Should she refuse, then maidens say,
To be young Johnny's wife?

S O N G CCCV.

FREE from the bustle, care, and strife,
Of this short, variegated, life,
Oh let me spend my days,
In rural sweetness with a friend,
To whom my mind I may unbend,
Nor censure heed, nor praise;
Nor censure-heed, nor praise.

Riches bring cares; I ask not wealth;
Let me enjoy but peace and health,
I envy not the great:
'Tis these alone can make me blest,
The riches take of east and west,
I claim not these or state.

Tho' not extravagant or near,
Yet thro' the well-spent chequer'd year
I'd have enough to live;
To drink a bottle with a friend,
Assist him in distress—ne'er lend—
But rather freely give.

I too would wish to sweeten life,
A gentle, kind, good-natur'd wife,
Young, sensible, and fair ;
One who could love but me alone,
Prefer my cot to e'er a throne,
And soothe my ev'ry care.

Thus happy with my wife and friend,
My life I chearfully would spend,
With no vain thoughts oppress ;
If heaven has bliss for me in store,
O grant me this, I ask no more,
And I am truly blest.

S O N G CCCVI.

WITH Delia ever could I stay,
Admire, adore her all the day,
In the same field our flocks we'll feed,
To the same spring our heifer's lead ;
What joy ! where peace and love combine,
To make our day unclouded shine.

Teach me, ye muses, ev'ry art,
More deeply to engage her heart,
I strive not to resist my flame,
I glory in a captive's name,
Nor would I, if I could, be free,
But boast my loss of liberty.

S O N G CCCVII.

MY bliss too long my bride denies,
Apace the wasting summer flies,
Nor yet the wint'ry blasts I fear,
Nor storms, nor night, shall keep me here.

What

What may, for strength, with steel compare;
 Oh! love has fetters stronger far;
 By bolts of steel are limbs confin'd,
 But cruel love inchains the mind.

No longer then perplex thy breast,
 When thoughts torment, the first are best;
 'Tis mad to go, 'tis death to stay,
 Away then Jesse, haste away.

S O N G CCCVIII.

AT beauty's shrine I long have bow'd;
 At each new face my heart has glow'd,
 With something like a passion;
 But dull, insipid joys I found,
 The bliss no genuine raptures crown'd,
 The fair love but from fashion,
 The fair love but from fashion.

Inconstant I, of course became,
 No care kept up the lambent flame,
 Which, thus unheeded died;
 To whim was sacrific'd each grace,
 To vanity each pleasing face,
 And love too oft to pride.

At length I fair Eliza saw,
 Whose beauties fire, whose virtues awe,
 I gaz'd, admir'd, and lov'd;
 Her sweet attention soothes each care,
 Nought can our mutual bliss impair,
 Time has our flame improv'd.

S O N G CCCIX.

SWEET are the flow'rets that deck the field,
 Sweet the swell the blossoms yield,
 Sweet is the summer's gale that blows,
 And sweet (though sweeter you) the rose,
 And sweet (though sweeter you) the rose.

Survey the gardens, fields, and bow'rs,
 The buds, the blossoms, and the flow'rs,
 Then tell me where the woodbine grows,
 That vies in sweetness with the rose.

S O N G CCCX.

WHAT's Chloe to me; or Lydia the fair,
 Their beauties with thine I cannot compare,
 Their beauties with thine I cannot compare;
 What's Lydia's clear skin, or Chloe's bright eyes,
 When Delia is near, their charms I despise.

You say I'm inconstant, and fain would persuade,
 I protest the same passion for ev'ry maid;
 The fault is your own; would you cease your reserve,
 Each fair I'd relinquish, thy love to preserve.

Last Thursday, at wake, you declar'd on the green,
 You'd dance with your shepherd as soon as 'twas e'en,
 But, before I arriv'd, you chose to depart,
 I gave Lydia my hand, but thou hadst my heart.

But Delia is haughty, and Delia is coy,
 And Delia e'er long, my flame will destroy;
 Then consider, ye fair, while love ye deride,
 The slaves ye ensnare, may be freed by your pride.

S O N G

S O N G CCCXI.

I TOLD my nymph (I told her true)
 My fields were small, my flocks were few,
 While fault'ring accents spoke my fear,
 That Flavia might not prove sincere,
 That Flavia might not prove sincere.

Of flocks, destroy'd by vernal cold,
 And vagrant sheep, that left my fold;
 Of these she heard yet bore to hear,
 And is not Flavia then sincere.

How chang'd by fortunes sickle wind,
 The friends I lov'd became unkind;
 She heard, and shed a gen'rous tear,
 And is not Flavia then sincere.

How, if she deign'd my love to bless,
 My Flavia must not hope for dress;
 This too she heard, and smil'd to hear,
 And Flavia sure, must be sincere.

Go shear your flocks, ye jovial swains,
 Go reap the plenty of your plains,
 Despoil'd of all which you revere,
 I know my Flavia's love sincere.

S O N G CCCXII.

GOOD Damon, if you will, you may
 Set spies and guards to watch my way,
 Or mark my looks with jealous eye,
 When any well dress'd swain is nigh;

Yet

Yet woman's wit a way will find,
In spite of caution, to be kind,
For, if myself I do not keep,
Instead of watching, you may sleep.

Would you secure the fair at home,
Go bid her wander, bid her roam;
Tir'd out with fops and fools all day,
No more she'll ask abroad to stray;
'Tis freedom's self must make her true,
And fix her choice on none but you;
For, if ourselves we do not keep,
Instead of watching, ye may sleep.

S O N G CCCXIII.

An additional song in Judas Maccabæus.

WISE men, flatt'ring, may deceive you,
With their vain mysterious art,
With their vain mysterious art;
Magic charms can ne'er relieve you,
Nor can heal the wounded heart;
But true wisdom can relieve you,
God-like wisdom from above,
This alone can ne'er deceive you,
This alone can pains remove.

S O N G CCCXIV.

THE new flown birds the shepherds sing,
And welcome in the May;
Come Pastorella, now the spring
Makes ev'ry landscape gay:

Wide

Wide-spreading trees their leafy shade,
 O'er half the plain extend;
 Or, in reflecting fountains play'd
 Their quiv'ring branches bend.

Come, taste the season in its prime,
 And bless the rising year;
 Oh! how my soul grows sick of time,
 'Till thou, my love appear:
 Then shall I pass the gladsome day,
 Warm in thy beauty's shine,
 When thy dear flock shall sport and play,
 And intermix with mine.

For thee, of doves a milk-white pair,
 In silken bands I hold;
 For thee, a firstling lambkin fair,
 I keep within the fold:
 If milk-white doves acceptance meet,
 Or tender lambkin please,
 My spotless heart, without deceit,
 Be offer'd up with these.

SONG CCCXV.

Sung by Mr. Mattocks, in Thomas and Sally.

LIFE's a garden, rich in treasure,
 Bury'd like the seeds in earth;
 There lie joy, contentment, pleasure,
 But 'tis love must give them birth.

That warm sun its aid denying,
 We no happiness can taste;
 But in cold obstruction lying,
 Life is all one barren waste.

SONG

S O N G CCCXVI.

BUSSY, curious, thirsty fly,
 Drink with me, and drink as I,
 Freely welcome to my cup,
 Could'st thou sip, and sip it up.
 Make the most of life you may,
 Life is short and wears away,
 Life is short and wears away.

Both alike, both mine and thine,
 Hasten quick to their decline,
 Thine's a summer, mine's no more,
 Though repeated to threescore;
 Threescore summer's, when they're gone,
 Will appear as short as one.

S O N G CCCXVII.

YE feather'd songsters of the vale,
 Who chirp so sweetly through the dale,
 Now your little throats tune high,
 'Till they reach the azure sky,
 And the grotto's all rebound,
 With the charming, chearful sound;
 Perch'd upon the blooming spray,
 Now salute the summer gay,
 Perch'd upon the blooming spray,
 Now salute the summer gay.

Bleating flocks and echoing mountains,
 Verdant meads and chrystal fountains,
 Mossy banks and bubbl'ing rills,
 Limpid streams and flow'ry hills;

Ev'ry

Ev'ry shrub its sweetness sheds,
 Flow'rs now lift their lovely heads,
 And bright sol's resplendent ray,
 Now proclaims the summer gay.

SONG CCCXVIII.

Sung in Thomas and Sally. Set by Dr. Arne.

TO ease his heart, and own his flame,
 Blithe Jockey to young Jenny came,
 But tho' she lik'd him passing weel,
 She careless turn'd her spinning-wheel.

Her milk-white hand, he did extol,
 And prais'd her fingers long and small,
 Unusual joy her heart did feel,
 But still she turn'd her spinning-wheel,

Then round about her slender waist,
 He clasp'd her arms, and her embrac'd;
 To kiss her hand he down did kneel,
 But yet she turn'd her spinning-wheel.

With gentle voice she bid him rise,
 He bless'd her neck, her lips and eyes;
 Her fondness she could scarce conceal,
 Yet still she turn'd her spinning-wheel.

'Till, bolder grown, so close he press'd,
 His wanton thought she quickly guess'd,
 Then push'd him from her rock and reel,
 And angry turn'd her spinning wheel.

At last, when she began to chide,
 He swore he meant her for his bride;
 'Twas then her love she did reveal,
 And flung away her spinning-wheel.

S O N G CCCXIX.

Sung in the same.

WHEN I was a young one, what girl was like me?
 So wanton, so airy, and brisk as a bee;
 I rattled, I rambled, I laugh'd, and where-e'er
 A fiddle was heard, to be sure I was there.

To all that came near I had something to say;
 'Twas this, fir—and that, fir—but scarce ever nay;
 And on Sundays dress'd out in my filks and my lace,
 I warrant I stood by the first in the place.

At twenty I got me a husband, poor man!
 Well rest him—we all are as good as we can;
 Yet he was so peevish, he'd quarrel for straws,
 And jealous—tho' truly I gave him some cause.

He snubb'd me and huff'd me, but let me alone,
 Egad I've a tongue, and I paid him his own.
 Ye wives take the hint, and when spouse is untow'rd
 Stand firm to your charter, and have the last word.

But now I'm quite alter'd, the more to my woe,
 I'm not what I was forty summers ago;
 This Time's a fore foe—there's no shunning his dart,
 However, I keep up a pretty good heart.

Grown old, yet I hate to be sitting mum-chance,
 I still love a tune, tho' unable to dance;
 And, books of devotion laid up on my shelf,
 I teach that to others I once did myself.

S O N G CCCXX.

*Sung by Mrs. Pinto and Mrs. Mattocks, in Love
 in a Village.*

Mrs. P I N T O.

H OPE thou nurse of young desire,
 Fairy promiser of joy;
 Painted vapour, glow-worm fire,
 Temperate sweet, that ne'er can cloy.

Mrs. MATTOCKS.

Hope, thou earnest of delight,
 Softest soother of the mind,
 Balmy cordial, prospect bright,
 Surest friend the wretched find.

B O T H.

Kind deceiver, flatter still;
 Deal out pleasures unpossess;
 With thy dreams my fancy fill,
 And in wishes make me blest.

S O N G CCCXXI.

Sung by Mrs. Pinto, in the same.

M Y heart's my own, my will is free,
 And so shall be my voice;
 No mortal man shall wed with me,
 Till first he's made my choice.

Let parent's rule, cry nature's laws,
And children still obey;
And is there then no saving clause,
Against tyrannic sway.

S O N G CCCXXII.

Sung by the same, in the same.

GENTLE youth, oh! tell me why,
Still you force me thus to fly;
Cease, oh! cease to persevere,
Speak not what I must not hear,
To my heart its ease restore,
Go, and never see me more.

S O N G CCCXXIII.

Sung by the same, in the same.

WHENCE can you inherit,
So slavish a spirit,
Confin'd thus, and chain'd to a log;
Now fondled, now chid,
Permitted, forbid,
'Tis leading the life of a dog.

For shame! you a lover;
More firmness discover;
Take courage! no longer here mope:
Resist and be free,
Run, riot like me,
And to perfect the picture, elope!

S O N G

S O N G CCCXXIV.

Sung by Mrs. Scott, in the Conscious Lovers.

IF love's a sweet passion, how can it torment?
 If bitter, O tell me, whence comes my content?
 Since I suffer with pleasure, why should I complain,
 Or repine at my fate, since I know 'tis in vain;
 Yet so pleasing the pain is, so soft is the dart,
 That at once it both wounds me, and tickles my heart.

I grasp'd her hand gently, look languishing down,
 And by passionate silence, I make my love known;
 But oh! how I'm blest, when so kind she does prove,
 By some willing mistake, to discover her love;
 Where in striving to hide, she reveals all her flame,
 And our eyes tell each other what neither dare name.

How pleasing is beauty! how sweet are her charms!
 The delightful embraces, and lover's alarms;
 Sure there's nothing so easy as learning to love,
 'Tis taught us on earth, and by all things above;
 And to beauty's bright standard all heroes must yield,
 For 'tis beauty that conquers, and keeps the fair field.

S O N G CCCXXV.

Sung by Mrs. Mattocks, in Love in a Village.

WHEN once love's subtle poison gains,
 A passage to the female breast;
 Rushing like lightning, through the veins,
 Each wish and ev'ry thought possess.

To heal the pangs our minds endure,
Reason in vain its skill applies,
Nought can afford the heart a lure,
But what is pleasing to the eyes.

S O N G CCCXXVI.

Sung by Mrs. Wrighten, in the Christmas Tale.

MY eyes may speak pleasure,
Tongue flow without measure,
Yet my heart in my bosom lies still ;
Thus the river is flowing,
The mill-clapper going,
But the miller's asleep in his mill.

Though lover's surround me,
With speeches confound me,
Yet my heart in my bosom lies still ;
Thus the river is flowing,
The mill-clapper going,
But the miller's asleep in his mill.

The little god eyes me,
And thinks to surprise me,
But my heart is awake in my breast ;
Thus boys slyly creeping,
Would catch a bird sleeping,
But the linnets awake in his nest.

S O N G CCCXXVII.

Sung by Mrs. Smith, in the same.

WOMAN should be wisely kind
Nor give her passion scope :
Just reveal her inclination,
Never wed without probation,
Nor in the lover's mind,
Blight the sweet blossom, hope.

N

Youth

Youth and beauty kindle love,
Sighs and vows will fan the fire;
Sighs and vows may traitors prove,
Sorrow then succeeds desire;
Honour, faith, and well-earn'd fame,
Feed the sacred lasting flame!

S O N G CCCXXVIII.

Sung by the same, in the same.

O Take this wreath my hand has wove,
The pledge and emblem of my love;
These flow'rs will keep their brightest hue,
Whilst you are constant, kind, and true.

But should you, false to love and me,
Wish from my fondness to be free,
Foreboding that my fate is nigh,
Each grateful flow'r will droop and die!

S O N G CCCXXIX.

DUETTE, in the same.

O Hear me, kind and gentle swain,
Let love's sweet voice delight you,
The ear of youth should drink each strain,
When beauty's lips invite you:

As love and valour warm your heart,
And faith and honour guard you:
From wounded breasts extract the dart,
And beauty will reward you:

Our tear-stain'd eyes, their wish disclose,
Can cruel you refuse 'em ?
O wipe the dew from off the rose,
And place it in your bosom.

S O N G CCCXXX.

Sung by Mrs. Smith, in the same.

O How weak will power and reason
To this bosom tyrant prove,
Every act is fancied treason,
By the jealous sovereign love.

Passion urg'd the youth to danger,
Passion calls him back again;
Passion is to peace a stranger,
Seek I must my bliss or bane.

So the fever'd minds that languish,
And in scorching torments rave ;
Thus to end or ease their anguish,
Headlong plunge into the wave.

S O N G CCCXXXI.

Sung by a Chorus of Eunuchs, in the same.

TOUCH the thrilling notes of pleasure,
Let the softest, melting measure
Calm the conqu'ror's mind ;
Let myrtle be with laurel 'twin'd,
Beauty with each smiling grace,
The sparkling eye, and speaking face,

Attended by the laughing loves
Around the hero play ;
The toil, and danger, valor proves,
Love and beauty, will repay.

S O N G CCCXXXII.

A Dialogue, by Mr. Vernon, and Mrs. Smith.

Mrs. SMITH.

THE storm shall beat my breast no more,
The vessel safe, the freight on shore,
No more my bark shall tempt the sea,
Scap'd from the rock of jealousy.

Mr. VERNON.

Bright are the flow'rs that form this wreath,
And fresh the odours which they breathe ;
Thus ever shall our loves be free,
From cruel blights of jealousy.

BOTH.

With roses and with myrtles crown'd,
The conqu'ror, Love, smiles all around,
Triumphant reigns by heav'n's decree,
And leads in chains grim jealousy.

S O N G CCCXXXIII.

Sung by Mr. Mattocks, in Love in a Village.

STILL in hopes to get the better
Of my stubborn flame I try,
Swear this moment to forget her,
And the next my oath deny.

Now

Now prepar'd with scorn to meet her,
Every charm in thought I brave,
Then relapsing, fly to meet her,
And confess myself her slave.

S O N G CCCXXXIV.

Sung by the same, in the same.

O Had I been by fate decreed
Some humble cottage swain,
In fair Rosetta's fight to feed
My flocks upon the plain.

What bliss had I been born to taste,
Which now I ne'er must know,
Ye envious pow'rs why have ye plac'd
My fair one's lot so low.

S O N G CCCXXXV.

Sung by Mr. Beard, in the same.

THE honest heart, whose thoughts are clear
From fraud, disguise, and guile,
Need neither fortune's frowning fear,
Nor court the harlot's smile.

The greatness that would make us grave
Is but an empty thing,
What more than mirth would mortals have,
The chearful man's a king.

S O N G CCCXXXVI.

Sung by Mr. Dyer, in the same.

THINK my fairest how delay
 Danger ev'ry moment bring,
 Time flies swift, and will away,
 Time that's ever on the wing.

Doubting and suspense at best,
 Lovers late repentance cost,
 Let us eager to be blest
 Seize occasion e're its lost.

S O N G CCCXXXVII.

Sung by Mr. Dyer and Mrs. Mattocks, in the same.

Mr. DYER.

LET rakes and libertine's resign'd
 To sensual pleasures range,
 There all the sexes charms I find,
 And ne'er can cool or change.

Mrs. MATTOCKS.

Let vain coquettes and pride conceal
 What most their hearts desire,
 With pride my passion I reveal,
 Oh may it ne'er expire.

DUETTE.

The sun shall cease to spread its light,
 The stars their orbits leave,
 And fair creation sink in night,
 When I my dear deceive.

S O N G

S O N G CCCXXXVIII.

Sung by Mrs. Mattocks, in Love in a Village.

CUPID, god of soft persuasion,
 Take the helpless lover's part;
 Seize, oh, seize some kind occasion,
 To reward a faithful heart.
 Cupid, god of soft persuasion, &c.

Justly those we tyrants call,
 Who the body would enthrall;
 Tyrants of more cruel kind,
 Those who would enslave the mind.

What is grandeur? Foe to rest;
 Childish mumery at best:
 Happy I in humble state!
 Catch, ye fools, the glitt'ring bait.

S O N G CCCXXXIX.

Sung by Miss Davies in the same.

HOW happy were my days till now!
 I ne'er did sorrow feel;
 With joy I rose to milk my cow.
 Or take my spinning wheel.

My heart was lighter than a fly,
 Like any bird I sung,
 Till he pretended love, and I
 Believ'd his flatt'ring tongue.

O the fool! the silly, silly fool,
 That trusts what man may be!
 I wish I was a maid again,
 And in my own country.

S O N G

S O N G CCCXL:

Sung by Mrs. Pinto, in the same

HOW blest the maid, whose bosom
No head-strong passion knows;
Her days in joys she passes,
Her nights in sweet repose.

Where e'er her fancy lead her,
No pain, no fear invade her,
But pleasure,
Without measure,
From ev'ry object flows.

S O N G CCCXLI.

Sung by the same in the same.

IN love should there meet a fond pair,
Untutor'd by fashion or art,
Whose wishes are warm and sincere,
Whose words are th' excess of the heart.

If aught of substantial delight
On this side the stars can be found;
'Tis sure, when that couple unite,
And Cupid by Hymen is crown'd.

S O N G CCCXLII.

Sung by Mr. Beard, in the same.

THE world is a well-furnish'd table,
Where guests are promiscuously set;
We all fare as well as we are able,
And scramble for what we can get.

My simile holds to a tittle,
Some gorge, while some scarce get a taste,
But if I am content with a little,
Enough is as good as a feast.

S O N G CCCXLIII.

Sung by Mr. Mattocks, in the same.

OH! how shall I, in language weak,
My ardent passion tell,
Or form my fault'ring tongue to speak.
That cruel word, farewell!
Farewell—but know, tho' thus we part,
My thoughts can never stray:
Go where I will, my constant heart
Must with my charmer stay.

S O N G CCCXLIV.

Sung by the same, in the same.

IT is not wealth, it is not birth,
Can value to the soul convey,
Minds possess superior worth,
Which chance nor gives nor takes away.
Like the sun true merit shews,
By nature warm, by nature bright,
With inward flame he nobly glows,
Nor needs the aid of borrow'd light.

S O N G CCCXLV.

Sung in the Maid of the Mill.

C H O R U S.

FREE from sorrow, free from strife,
Oh! how blest the miller's life;

Chearful

Chearful working thro' the day,
 Still he laughs and sings away;
 Nought can vex him,
 Nought perplex him,
 While there's grist to make him gay.

D U E T.

Let the great enjoy the blessings,
 By indulgent fortune sent;
 What can wealth, can grandeur offer,
 More than plenty and content.

S O N G CCCXLVI.

AIR. *Sung by Miss Brent in the same.*

IN love to pine and languish,
 Yet to know your passion vain;
 To harbour heart-felt anguish,
 Yet fear to tell your pain.
 What pow'rs unrelenting,
 Severer ills inventing,
 Can sharpen pangs like these;
 Where days and nights tormenting,
 Yield not a moment's ease.

S O N G CCCXLVII.

AIR. *Sung by Mrs. Pinto in the same.*

WHAT are outward forms, and shows
 To an honest heart compar'd;
 Oft the rustic, wanting those,
 Has the nobler portion shar'd.

Oft we see the homely flow'r
 Bearing, at the hedge's side,
 Virtues of more sov'reign pow'r,
 Than the garden's gayest pride.

S O N G CCCXLVIII.

Sung by Mr. Beard in the same.

HARK ! 'tis I, your own true lover;
 After walking three long miles,
 One kind look, at least discover,
 Come and speak a word to Giles,
 You alone my heart I fix on,
 Ah, you little cunning vixen !
 I can see your roguish smiles.

Addid's my mind is so possess'd,
 'Till we're sped, I shan't have rest ;
 Only say the thing's a bargain,
 Here, an you like it,
 Ready to strike it,
 There's at once an end of arguing :
 I'm her's, she's mine ;
 Thus we seal, and thus we sing.

S O N G CCCXLIX.

Sung by Mrs. Pinto, in the same.

AH ! why should fate, pursuing
 A wretched thing like me,
 Heap ruin thus on ruin,
 And add to misery.
 The griefs I languish'd under,
 In secret let me share,
 But this new stroke of thunder,
 Is more than I can bear.

S O N G CCCL.

Sung by Mr. Mattocks, in the same.

THE madman thus, at times we see,
With seeming reason blest ;
His looks, his words, his thoughts are free,
And speak a mind at rest.

But short the calm's of ease and sense,
And, oh ! uncertain too ;
While that idea lives, from whence
At first his frenzy grew.

S O N G CCCLI.

Sung by the same, in the same.

MY passion, in vain, I attempt to dissemble,
Th' endeavour to hide it, but makes it appear,
Enraptur'd I gaze, when I touch her I tremble,
And speak to and hear her, with fault'ring and fear.

By how many cruel ideas tormented ?
My blood's in a ferment ; it freezes, it burns :
This moment I wish, what the next is repented,
While love, rage, and jealousy rack me by turns.

S O N G CCCLII.

Sung by Miss Catley, in the Golden Pippin.

WHEN bickrings hot,
To high words got,
Break out at Gamiorum ;
The flame to cool,
My golden rule
Is—Push about the jorum.

With

With fist on jug,
Coifs who can lug ?
Or shew me that glib speaker,
Who her red rag
In gibe can wag,
With her mouth full of liquor.

S O N G CCCLIII.

Sung by Mr. Quick, in the same.

TO set at odds
These hair-brain'd gods,
The turn of a straw or a pin does ;
I make them fret,
Take pet,
Curvet,
And fling heaven out o' the windows.

He, she, foul, handsome, all,
On wires I dance 'em all,
Jove of my puppets but is chief ;
Sky, earth, and ocean,
I put in commotion ;
I doat on a snug bit o' mischief.

S O N G CCCLIV.

Sung by Mr. Quick, in the same.

WHEN you're bosky, half-seas over,
Doxies wind you at they please ;
Thro' their eyes you then discover,
That the moon's a huge green-cheese.

They have their wits,
Mind their own hits ;
Nick the fit
To wheedle a bit,
With a tip
Of the lip,
And a roguish squeeze.

Jovy, my soul !——
What does it say ?——
Fire the north pole !
Jove's your valet.——
When your bosky, &c.

S O N G CCCLV.

Sung by the same, in the same.

SINCE 'tis written in the volume of fate,
That to surrender
To the male gender,
Females must lay their account soon or late ;
She must submit as a god to her mate.
Bounce, bounce ; Jund may flounce ;
Storm and thunder ;
She'll knock under ;
Rave, rave ; Jupiter, rave !
Master you'll be——and your wife be a slave.

S O N G CCCLVI.

Sung by Mr. Mattocks, in the same.

BUT now let me flaunt it,
Rant, flirt it, and jaunt it,

Gallant

Gallant it, and dress it away ;
 At op'ra and ball,
 Play, Concert, and all,
 I warrant I carry the day,

I'll make the folks stare
 By clubbing my hair ;
 I'll ogle, I'll prattle,
 The dice-box I'll rattle,
 Lose thousands, and call it mere sport ;
 While men all admire me,
 All ladies desire me,
 Sweet Paris, the pink of the court.

S O N G CCCLVII.

Sung by the same, in the same.

LET heroes delight in the toils of the war,
 In maims, blood, and bruises and blows ;
 Not a sword, but a sword-knot rejoices the fair ;
 And what are rough soldiers to beaux ?
 Away then with laurels ! come beauty and love,
 And silence the trumpet and drum ;
 Let me with soft myrtle my brows bear inwove ;
 And tenderly combat at home !

S O N G CCCLVIII.

*Sung by Mr. Dibdin, Mrs. Wrihten, and Mr. Love,
in the Defenter.*

SIMKIN.

I Can't, for my life; guess the cause of this fuss,
Why there's pipers and fiddlers; while Robin and
Harry,
And Clodpole and Roger, and ten more of us,
Have pulled as much fruit as we're able to carry.

MARGARET.

Why, Numscull, that's nothing; her ladyship's wine,
All over the village, runs just like a fountain;
And I heard the folks say, every dish, when they dine,
Will be swimming in claret, madeira, and mountain.

JENNY.

Then for poultry, and such-like—good lord, what a
store!
I saw Goodman Gander fix baskets full cramming;
Then such comforts and jellies! why one such feast
more
Would certainly breed, in the village a famine.

CHORUS.

What the meaning can be,
We shall presently see,
For yonder's old Ruffet, who certainly knows;

But

But be what it will,
Our wish shall be still,
Joy and health to the Duchess, wherever she goes!

S O N G CCCLIX.

Sung by Mrs. Smith, in the same.

WHY must I appear so deceitful?
I cannot, dear father, comply:
Ah! could I think him so ungrateful,
With anguish I surely should die.

What so tender, at parting, he told me,
Which such joy to my bosom convey'd;
When next he was doom'd to behold me,
Could I think would be this way repaid?

S O N G CCCLX.

Sung by Mrs. Smith, in the same.

THOUGH prudence may press me,
And duty distress me,
Against inclination, O, what can they do!
No longer a rover,
His follies are over,
My heart, my fond heart, says my Henry is true.

The bee, thus as changing,
From sweet to sweet, ranging,
A rose should he light on, ne'er wishes to stray;
With raptures possessing,
In one every blessing,
'Till torn from her bosom he flies far away.

S O N G

S O N G CCCLXI.

Sung by Mr. Vernon, in the same.

THE nymph, who in my bosom reigns,
With such full force my heart enchains,
That nothing ever can impair
The empire she possesses there.

Who digs for stones of radiant ray,
Finds baser matter in his way ;
The worthless load he may contemn,
But prizes still and seeks the gem.

S O N G CCCLXII.

Sung by Mrs. Wrighten, in the same.

SOME how my spindle I mislaid,
And lost it underneath the grass ;
Damon advancing, bow'd his head,
And said, what seek you, pretty lass ?
A little love, but urg'd with care,
Oft leads a heart, and leads it far.

'Twas passing nigh yon spreading oak,
That I my spindle lost just now ;
His knife then kindly Damon took,
And from the tree he cut a bough.
A little love, &c. &c.

Thus did the youth his time employ,
While me he tenderly beheld ;
He talk'd of love, I leap'd for joy,
For ah ! my heart did fondly yield.
A little love, &c. &c.

S O N G

S O N G CCCLXIII.

Sung by Mr. Vernon, in the same.

I'LL fly these groves, this hated shade,
Each sound I hear, each thing I see,
Remind me though perfidious maid!
Of vows so often made by thee.

Blush! blush, Louisa! and look there;
Where's now thy truth? oh, tell me where?
Thy constancy's no more;
And like a wretch, by tempest tost,
My peace is gone, nay, hope is lost,
I sink in sight of shore!

S O N G CCCLXIV.

Sung by Mrs. Smith, in the same.

AH! cease this affliction, your troubles are past,
Of care and disquiet, that sigh was your last:
How could you once harbour a doubt of my love?
The girl you convers'd with, the feast and the rest,
The music and dancing was all but a jest,
A frolic design'd your affections to prove.

Believe me, Louisa, reluctant comply'd,
Her father commanded—intreaty was vain;
Or I swear by this hand, I would rather have dy'd,
Than have given my Henry a moment of pain.

S O N G CCCLXV.

*Sung by Mr. Vernon, Mrs. Smith, Mr. Bannister,
and Mr. Parsons, in the same.*

Mr. VERNON.

MY kind preserver ! fain I'd speak,
Fain wou'd I, what I feel, express ;
But language is too poor, too weak,
To thank this goodness to excess ;
Brothers, companions, age and youth,
Oh, tell to all the world her fame !
And when they ask for faith and truth,
Repeat my dear Louisa's name.

Mrs. SMITH.

And have I sav'd my Henry's life ?
Dear father, in my joy take part :
I now indeed shall be a wife,
Wife, to the idol of my heart.
Thus when the storm, dispersing, flies,
Through which the sailor's forced to steer ;
No more he dreads inclement skies,
But with the tempest leaves his fear.

Mr. BANNISTER.

Why, why I pray you this delay ?
Children your hands in wedlock join,
That I may pass my hours away.
In ease and peace through life's decline.

This

This joy's too great, my pride, my boast ;
Both, both in my affection share,
May who delights the other most,
Henceforward be your only care.

MR. PARSONS.

I wish your joy may hold you long ;
But yet I am not such a sot,
As not to see you all are wrong :
Why is the king to be forgot ?
You had been wretched but for him
Then follow Skirmish, dance and sing ;
Raise ev'ry voice, strain ev'ry limb,
Huzza, and cry, long live the King !

S O N G CCCLXVI.

Sung by Mr. Dodd, in the Country Girl.

TELL me not of the roses and lillies,
Which tinge the fair cheeks of your Phillis ;
Tell me not of the dimples and eyes,
For which silly Corydon dies :
Let all whining lovers go hang ;
My heart would you hit,
Tip your arrow with wit,
And it comes to my heart with a twang—twang,
twang ;
And it comes to my heart with a twang.

I am rock to the handsome and pretty,
Can only be touch'd by the witty ;
And beauty will ogle in vain,
The way to my heart's thro' my brain :

Let

Let all whining lover's go hang.
 We wits, you must know,
 Have two strings to our bow,
 To return 'em their darts with a twang—twang,
 twang;
 To return 'em their darts with a twang.

S O N G CCCLXVII.

In the same.

OH ! what is the matter with thee, my poor heart,
 That you flutter to get from your nest,
 With a tumult I never yet knew ?
 Is it love gives the smart,
 And thus throbs in my breast ?
 Say, flutterer, what would you do ?
 Alas ! says my heart, I thus flutter and sigh,
 For I wish to escape from my nest,
 With an ardour I never yet knew !
 Oh ! then, pray let me fly
 To the place I like best :
 'Twill be better for me, and for you.

S O N G CCCLXVII.

Sung by Mrs. Thompson in the Waterman.

My counsel take,
 Or else I'll make
 The house too hot to hold you ;
 Be rul'd, I pray,
 I'd something say,
 Did I e'er rout or scold you ?

But

But spight to wreak,
 On one so meek,
 Who never raves or flies out ;
 On me, who am,
 Like any lamb ;
 Oh ! I could tear your eyes out.

S O N G CCCLXVIII.

Sung by Mrs. Jewell, in the same.

TWO youths for my love are contending i vain,
 For do all they can,
 Their sufferings I rally, and laugh at their pain ;
 Which, which is the man
 That deserves me the most ? let me ask of my heart,
 Is it Robin, who smirks, and who dresses so smart ?
 Or Tom, honest Tom, who makes plainness his plan ?
 Which, which is the man ?

Indeed to be prudent, and do what I ought,
 I do what I can ;
 Yet surely papa and mama are in fault ;
 To a different man
 They, each, have advis'd me to yield up my heart ;
 Mama praises Robin, who dresses so smart ;
 Papa honest Tom, who makes plainness his plan ;
 Which, which is the man ?

Be kind then, my heart, and but point out the youth,
 I'll do what I can,
 His love to return, and return it with truth ;
 Which, which is the man ?
 Be kind to my wishes, and point out my heart,
 Is it Robin, who smirks, and who dresses so smart ?
 Or Tom, honest Tom, who makes plainness his plan ?
 Which, which is the man ?

S O N G CCCLXIX.

Sung by Mr. Banister in the same.

AND did you not hear of a jolly young waterman,
 Who at Black-friars Bridge used for to ply ;
 And he feather'd his oars with such skill and dexterity,
 Winning each heart, and delighting each eye :
 He look'd so neat, and rowed so steadily,
 The maidens all flocked in his boat so readily,
 And he eyed the young rogues with so charming an air,
 That this waterman ne'er was in want of a fair.

What fights of fine folks he oft row'd in his wherry,
 'Twas clean'd out so nice, and so painted with all ;
 He was always first oars when the fine city ladies,
 In a party to Ranelagh went or Vauxhall.
 And oftentimes wou'd they be giggling and leering,
 But 'twas all one to Tom, their gibing and jeering,
 For loving, or liking, he little did care,
 For this waterman ne'er was in want of a fare.

And yet, but to see how strangely things happen ;
 As he row'd along, thinking of nothing at all,
 He was plyed by a damsel so lovely and charming,
 That she, smiled and so straitway in love he did fall ;
 And wou'd this young damsel but banish his sorrow,
 He'd wed her to-night before to-morrow :
 And how should this waterman ever know care,
 When he's married, and never in want of a fare ?

S O N G CCCLXX.

Sung by Mrs. Jewell, in the same.

TOO yielding a carriage,
 Has oft before marriage,

To

To ruin and misery pointed the way :
 You're shunn'd, if complying,
 But your lover once flying,
 How eager he'll follow and beg you to stay.

A coquette ne'er proclaim me,
 Ye maids, then, nor blame me,
 If I wish to be happy, where'er I'm a wife ;
 Each lover's denial,
 Was only a trial,
 Which is he that's most likely to love me for life.

S O N G CCCLXXI.

Sung by the same, in the same.

IN vain, dear friends, each art you try,
 To neither lover's suit inclin'd ;
 On outward charms I'll ne'er rely,
 But prize the graces of the mind.
 The empty coxcomb, whom you chose,
 Just like the flower of a day,
 Hook by each wind that folly blows,
 Seems born to flutter and decay.

Your choice an honest aspect wears ;
 'To give him pain I oft' have griev'd ;
 But it proceeded from my fears ;
 Than me, much wiser are deceiv'd :
 I thank you both, then, for your love,
 Wait for my choice a little while ;
 And he who most shall worthy prove,
 My hand I'll offer with a smile.

S O N G CCCLXXII.

Sung by Mrs. Baddeley in the Maid of the Oaks.

COME sing round my favourite tree,
Ye songsters that visit the grove,
'Twas the haunt of my shepherd and me,
And the bark is a record of love.

Reclin'd on the turf by my side;
He tenderly pleaded his cause;
I only with blushes replied,
And the nightingale fill'd up the pause.

S O N G CCCLXXIII.

Sung by Mr. Vernon and Mrs. Smith, in the same.

SHEPHERD.

HITHER, ye swains, with dance and song,
Join your bands in sportive measures;
Hither, ye swains, with dance and song,
Merrily, merrily, trip it along:
'Tis holiday, lads, from the cares of your tillage;
Life, health, and joy, to the Lord of the village.
Scenes of delight,
Round you invite,
Harmony, beauty, love and pleasure:
Hither, ye swains, with dance and song.
Join your bands in sportive measure.

CHORUS.

Hither, ye swains, &c.

SHEPHERDESS.

Hither, ye nymphs, and scatter around
Every sweet the spring discloses;
Hither, ye nymphs, and scatter them round,
With the bloom of the hour enamel the ground
The

The feast of the day is devoted to beauty,
Sorrow is treason, and pleasure a duty :

Love shall preside,
Sovereign guide !

Fetter his wings with links of roses :
Hither, ye nymphs, and scatter around,
Every sweet the spring discloses.

CHORUS.

Hither, ye nymphs, &c.

BOTH.

Lasses and lads, with dance and song,
Join your bands in sportive measure ;
Lasses and lads, with dance and song,
Merrily, merrily trip it along :
An hour of youth is worth ages of reason,
'Tis the sunshine of life, take the gift of the sea
Scenes of delight,
Round you invite,
Harmony, beauty, love and pleasure.

S O N G CCCLXXIV.

Sung by Mrs. Wrighten, in the same.

COME, rouse from your trances !
The sly morn advances,
To catch sluggish mortals in bed ;
Let the horn's jocund note
In the wind sweetly float,
While the fox from the brake lifts his head ;
Now creeping,
Now peeping,
The fox from the brake lifts his head :
Each away to his steed
Your Goddesses shall lead,

Come

Come follow, my worshippers, follow;
 For the chase all prepare,
 See the hounds snuff the air,
 Hark, hark, to the huntsman's sweet hollow!

 Hark Jowler, hark Rover,
 See Reynard breaks cover,
 The hunters fly over the ground;
 Now they skim o'er the plain,
 Now they dart down the lane,
 And the hills, woods, and vallies resounds;
 With dashing,
 And splashing,
 The hills, woods, and vallies resound:
 Then away with full speed,
 Your Goddess shall lead,
 Come follow, my worshippers, follow;
 O'er hedge, ditch, and gate,
 If you stop you're too late,
 Hark, hark, to the huntsman's sweet holl w!

S O N G CCCLXXV.

Sung by Mr. Vernon in the Character of Folly in the same.

MAKE room, my good neighbours, of every degree,
 My name it is FOLLY, who does not know me?
 Of high ones, and low ones, of great and of small,
 I've been the companion, and friend of you all:
 Wherever I come, I drive away care,
 And if there's a crowd, I'm sure to be there.
 I'm here, and there,
 And every where,
 All know me—all know me—
 Where'er I come,
 Nobody's dumb;
 Prating, prancing,
 Singing, dancing;
 Running o'er with mirth and glee. From

From country elections, I gallop post haste,
 For there, I am always the most busy guest,
 And whether it be in the country or town,
 I'm hugg'd very close, by the cit and the clown:
 The courtier, the patriot, the turn-coat and all,
 If I do not sweeten—breed nothing but gall.

I'm here, and there, &c. &c.

The statesman, without me, unhappy wou'd be;
 No lady, so chaste, but gallants it with me;
 The gravest of faces, who physick the land,
 For all their grimaces, shake me by the hand;
 At the play-house, a friend to the author, I sit,
 And clap in the gallery, the boxes and pit.

I'm here, and there, &c. &c.

S O N G CCCLXXVI.

Sung by Mrs. Baddely, in the Rival Candidates.

SOFT FANCY thou truant to me,
 My summons oh, quickly obey!
 Neglected by BYRON and thee,
 How heavily passes the day!

Thy charms I've mistaken for Love's,
 So artfully dost thou beguile,
 Thy magic enlivens the groves,
 When he has forgotten to smile!

S O N G CCCLXXVII.

Sung by Mrs. Baddely, in the same.

THUS the midnight tempest raging
 Strikes the sailor with dismay,
 Furious winds, and waves engaging,
 Banish every hope of day!

But

But at dawn, their wrath subsiding,
 Ocean wears a tranquil face;
 Joy, through every current gliding,
 Calms his bosom into peace.



S O N G CCCLXXVIII.

Sung by Mr. Vernon, in the same:

HOW oft through this responsive grove
 Has softest echo told my tale!
 When e'er she caught my notes of love,
 She gently bore them down the vale!

The scene renew'd, my wakeful breast
 Now joyful beats to love's alarm;
 Ye power's who pity the distressed,
 Transport me to *Narcissa's* arms!

S O N G CCCLXXIX.

*Sung by Mr. Bannister, Mr. Fawcett, and Mr. Kear,
 in the same.*

HE's the pride of the borough, god bless him say I!
 I've poll'd for his honour, and will till I die;
 In vain then you rave,
 I'll not be your slave,

Tho' I'm a poor fellow of humble degree:
 Which of you then will bear it?
 Will you?

——— MAT. No I swear it!

Or you? JERRY. No I swear it!

There is but one way then to set us all free:
 We'll none of us bear it:

Will you?—*both*—No, I swear it:

Nor BOB, I declare it:

This, this is the way then, for now we are free.

F I N I S.



Kear,

May II
die;

